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MEN AND HORSES





Ross Smith
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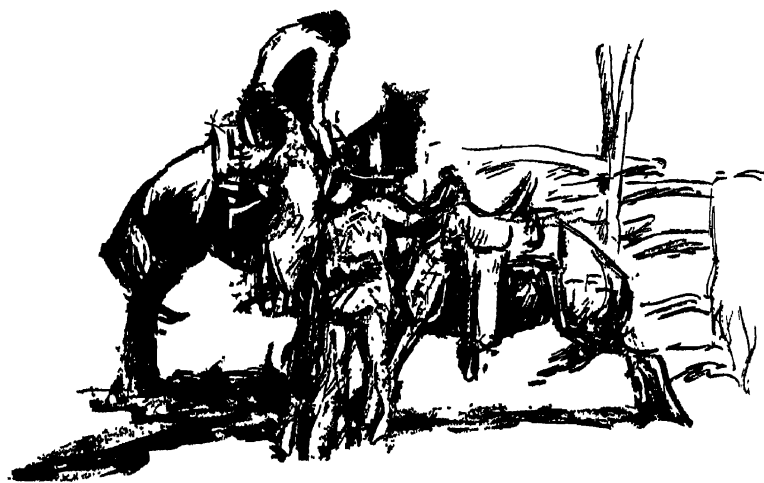
MEN AND HORSES

by

ROSS SANTEE

with

more than one hundred original drawings by the author



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To
MY MOTHER

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THE PAYSON RODEO







MEN AND HORSES

THE PAYSON RODEO

ASORREL bronc was led into the middle of the street; a puncher chewed his ear while the saddle was eased on; the rider swung up and caught his stirrups.

"Turn him loose!" he yelled.

"Ain't much of a show this year," said a slit-eyed puncher standing beside me. A woman in an automobile shrieked. The sorrel bronc, his eyes bulging, was headed straight toward the car. Two punchers spurred their horses alongside and turned him down the street again.

"This country was about blowed up before the rain came," said the puncher. Still pitching and bawling, the sorrel bronc turned back again, while

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the rider raked him in the shoulders with the spurs and waved his hat at the crowd.

"Who's the twister?" I asked.

"Wayne Honeycutt; works for the Bar T Bar's. He ought to have been here last year; they had me shore enough pitchin' horses. Ace Gardner's the next man up in the ropin'."

At the head of the street a corral had been built. As a calf was cut out of the corral, the two punchers charged him across the line. The starter dropped his flag. On came the roper on the dead end, his "piggin" string between his teeth, his rope swinging. The fourth puncher tied his calf in twenty-two seconds.

"Looks like the money," I said.

"George Cline ain't roped," said the puncher. Two more calves were cut out of the corral, but the time was slow.

"George Cline's up next," said my neighbor.

The calf came out of the corral on the run. As he crossed the line, the flag dropped. Down the middle of the street they came. Cline made his show in front of the old saloon. He was off his horse before the rope tightened. As he raised his hands through the cloud of dust the crowd yelled.

THE PAYSON RODEO

"Twenty-one," bawled a man through a megaphone. The puncher beside me grinned.

A horse-race was starting at the head of the street when a man in a white apron came out of the eating-house. An iron bar, shaped like a triangle, hung on the porch. On this he pounded.

"Chuck," said the puncher, and we headed up-street with the crowd. On one side of the street was parked a long line of automobiles; on the opposite side, in front of the old saloon, stood some cow-ponies. Some Apache squaws were eating hamburger and ice-cream cones at a stand close by. The buck was drinking near. "Belly-wash," the puncher called it. The ice had been hauled from Globe, for Payson is a hundred miles from the railroad.

"We was n't goin' to have any rodeo this year on account of the drought; then the dance-hall burned down. But after the rains came and the country started greenin' up, we decided to have her, anyway. Of course the purses ain't much this year, but every one put up what they could. And 'most every man in town worked on the dance-hall, so it would be ready in time. There's a pretty good crowd, though."



Rocky Mountain

THE PAYSON RODEO

As we walked up the street I counted the buildings: two general stores, two eating-houses, one garage, two dance-halls, the office of the justice of the peace, and the old saloon, which now does duty as a soft-drink place and pool-hall. At other times cows walk unmolested through the street, but to-day the place was alive with people.

The rodeo is an annual event, with three days of broncho-busting, bull-riding, calf-tying and horse-races down the middle of the street, and every night a dance that lasts until morning.

The eating-house was newly built and unpainted. Across the front in huge black letters was a sign, "Meals, fifty cents." On a bench at the end of the porch stood a wash-basin and a pail of water; on a nail above hung a towel.

"She's shore been popular," remarked the puncher as he wiped his face on a blue bandana; but later, while we sat comfortably on the porch and waited for the second table, others came who were not nearly so particular.

Flies were plentiful in the dining-room, but the meal was very good: fresh beef and cabbage, potatoes, string-beans, and hot biscuits and syrup, or "lick," as the punchers called it. A tourist asked

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the puncher and me if we had ever been to Cheyenne or Pendleton, Oregon. Neither of us had. He liked Payson, he said, as everything was real. He was driving through to the Grand Cañon, and had meant to stop only long enough to find out what the excitement was. He had never heard of the place before, but now he was going to stay until the rodeo was over.

In the afternoon there were more horse-races down the street and more calf-tying. One event was for men over fifty. As Cline's father came down the street with his horse on the dead run, the puncher standing beside me said:

"Them Cline boys take to their ropin' honestly."

The bull-riding came next. Down in the corral, by much prodding and pulling, a bull was dragged into the shute. The surcingle was buckled on. The rider eased down off the corral fence and

THE PAYSON RODEO

mounted. The chute opened, and out they came, the rider spurring his mount high in the neck, while the bull bellowed and bucked and tried to kick himself in the chin. As they headed straight into the line of cars, a puncher whirled his rope. His horse sat up, and the bull was caught. A rider on a buckskin horse roped him by the hind feet. As the rope tightened, the bull fell to the ground. The surcingle was unbuckled, and, still bellowing and hooking at the horses, he was led back to the corral.

One of the bulls was ridden with a saddle. The rider was thrown the third jump. Still pitching and bawling, the empty stirrups popping above his back, the frantic animal was finally caught. The rider limped back to the corral, holding his side. Two of his ribs were broken.



The event for boys under eighteen was won by a

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gangling youth of about sixteen. He wore high-heeled boots, long-shanked spurs, and on his head a small, black derby hat. "Derby Jim," the puncher called him. While he waited for his turn to ride, he sat on the corral fence and munched an ice-cream cone. That evening I saw him walking with a girl. In front of an ice-cream stand they stopped. As the stage came in from Globe I saw him again. His long-shanked spurs trailed in the dust, and as he walked he munched another cone.

After supper a crowd gathered at the general store and waited for the mail.

"See you at the dance," said the slit-eyed puncher as he went to feed his horse. In front of the old saloon Ace Gardner and Jimmy Cline were roping three calves apiece for a side bet. It was sprinkling and nearly dark when the last calf was tied; the street was almost deserted.

The dance-hall was a huge, unpainted affair and, like the eating-house, was newly built. On a platform in the middle sat the orchestra. Built against the wall on each side was a long wooden bench. On the floor in one corner eight babies slept, wrapped in their various-colored quilts, while their fond parents danced. The

THE PAYSON RODEO

tourist was there, and Derby Jim, and the bull-rider with the broken ribs. The slit-eyed puncher made me acquainted with his girl. Every one danced. Between dances the women sat on the narrow bench around the hall. A woman beside me held a baby in her arms. When the music started, she danced, while the baby slept peacefully on the narrow bench. At intervals the men walked outside on the porch and smoked. A few of the more fortunate walked deeper into the shadows, where some "white mule" was cached. At midnight the count of babies on the floor had reached fifteen. A tall puncher, after eyeing them gravely, finally selected a small bundle that was wrapped in a sky-blue quilt.

"Guess this one's mine," he said, with a grin.

He carefully stowed the bundle under the bench.

"Some of 'em's liable to get stepped on the way the crowd's a-millin' here."

Every other dance was a tag. A man well over sixty, with snow-white hair, danced by, his boot-heels popping on the floor. He never missed a dance. At 2 A. M. I found the tourist and the slit-eyed puncher sitting on the porch. The tourist had been ready to go for an hour, he said, but

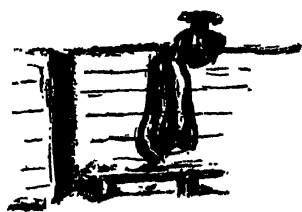
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couldn't get his wife to leave. The slit-eyed puncher bewailed a blister on his heel and cursed the new boots he wore; but as the music started, he hobbled inside.

"I ain't missin' nothin'," he said, "even if my feet is afire."

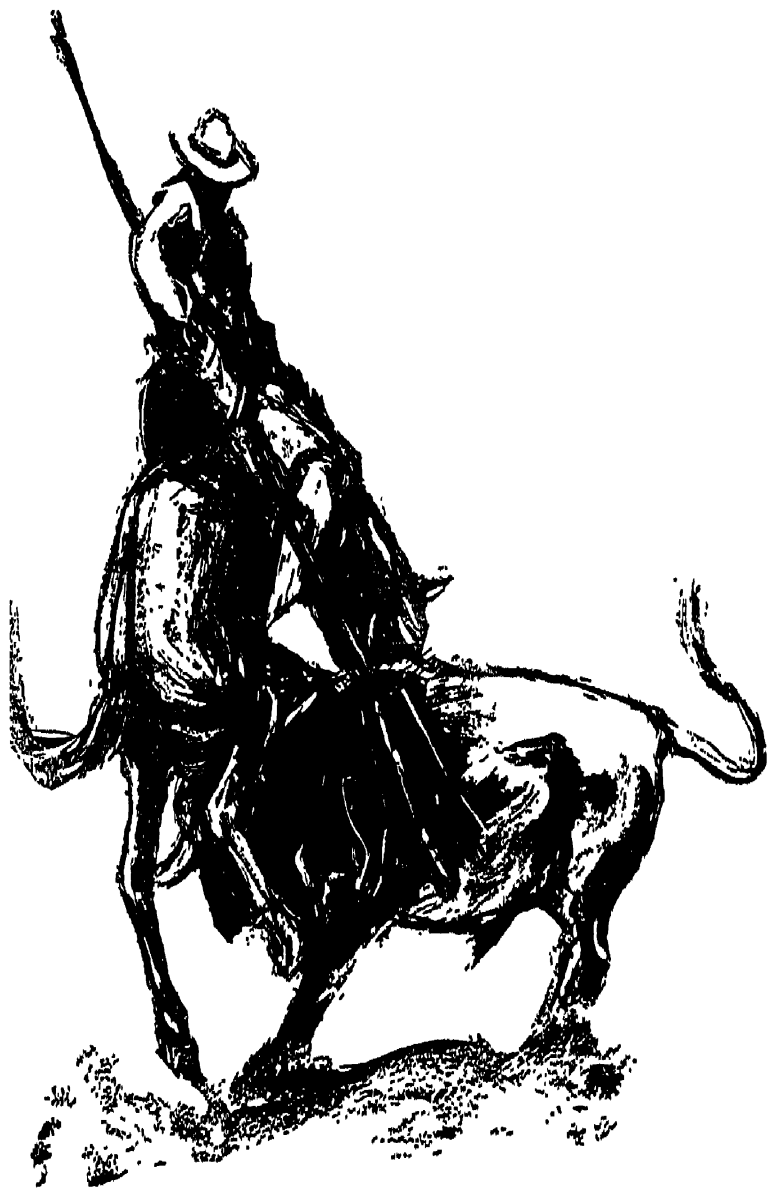
At 4 A. M. the crowd still milled. Five babies still slept peacefully in their corner on the floor. On the porch the tourist dozed. The slit-eyed puncher had slowed up somewhat, but the rest of the dancers were going strong.





THE BULL-FIGHT





THE BULL-FIGHT

THE program was an elaborate affair, pink in color and nearly a yard in length. In the upper right-hand corner, extending for a foot and a half down the page, was printed in box-car letters:

JUAREZ BULL RING
GRAND
PROFESSIONAL BULL FIGHT
3 MATADORS 3
IN COMPETITION
SUNDAY, JULY 30TH, AT 4:30 P.M.

IN THIS GREAT EVENT WILL BE INTRODUCED THE RENOWNED AND WELL KNOWN MEXICAN MATADOR JOSE SAPIEN "FORMALITO," ACCOMPANIED BY THE TWO BRAVE MATADORS JOAQUIN JIMINEZ "TRIANERO," AND OCTAVIANO ACOSTA, WHICH ARE WELL KNOWN TO THE BULL-FIGHTERS' FANS.

ALSO WILL APPEAR THE FAMOUS PICADOR LAZARO ZAVOLA "PEGOTE" AND THE GREAT BANDERILERO EVARISTO VILLAVISENCIO "SORDO CHICO."

MEN AND HORSES

THE BULLS FOR THIS GREAT EVENT HAVE BEEN
WELL SELECTED AND ARE GUARANTEED FOR THEIR
FURIOUSNESS.

4 FEROCIOUS BULLS 4 OF CAMBRAY RANCH DON'T MISS IT

The rest of the program was printed in Spanish, profusely illustrated with photographs of the bullfighters in various poses.

"You won't like it," said my El Paso friend, 'nor anybody else who likes horses. It's bad enough to watch 'em torture a bull before they kill him, but they blindfold the horses. I never saw a horse killed yet but what I did n't wish it was a Mexican instead."

Our seats were on the shady side of the bull-ring directly below the box of the president. Outside the entrance the band was playing. Except for a single Mexican, who sprinkled with a hose, the ring was empty. Half the crowd were Americans.

"Tourists," said my friend. "A fine place to bring a kid, ain't it?" said he, pointing to a woman with a baby in her arms. It seemed to me that every other Mexican present wore some sort of uniform. No two uniforms were alike, but nearly

THE BULL-FIGHT

all carried the United States Army Colt 45 automatics. A Mexican with a battered felt hat and blue overalls sold bottled beer at sixty cents a bottle. As the band came in and took their places, a bullet-headed *hombre*, with a drooping black mustache, who sat beside me opened his fourth bottle.

"Let's go!" yelled an American.

"Play ball!" yelled another from across the ring. The bullet-headed *hombre* beside me muttered in Spanish. Down in the bull-ring the Mexican put away his tiny hose. There was a stir at the entrance, and about thirty soldiers marched in. The officer was in white, with black leather puttees. Around his neck he wore some brass arrangement that looked for all the world like a dog-collar. The rest of the outfit carried long rifles, and were clothed for the most part in cartridges. As they stood at attention and faced the entrance my El Paso friend spoke.

"If that bird in white would cut loose with a song now, I'd think I was watchin' a musical comedy."

It was sprinkling rain as the bugle sounded for the grand entrance, and a part of the crowd broke

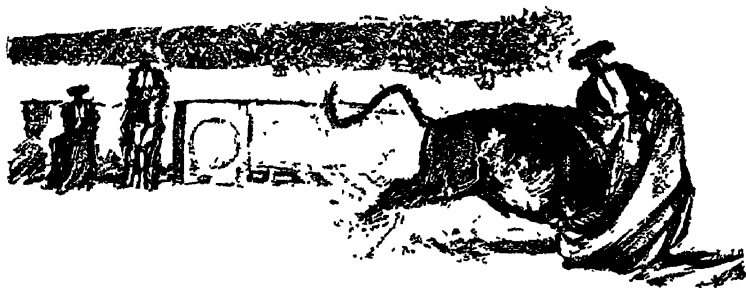
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r shelter. First came the matadors, with their d capes, on foot. Directly behind them came e picadors, mounted on two of the poorest horses have ever seen. One was a little brown, so poor e could hardly walk and so weak that he tottered nder the weight of the bullet-headed rider. The icador Lazaro Zavola "Pegote" was mounted on little gray cow-pony with the brand N E on his eft hip. The little gray cow-pony was nothing ut skin and bone, but he held his head high and arched to the music. Next came a team of orses, bells jingling as they walked, driven by a Mexican in a blue serge suit and high roller hat. The bugle sounded again, and as the team was iven out, the bull-fighters took their places about he ring.

A gate swung open, and the bull walked slowly down the narrow runway. At the entrance he stopped for a moment, snuffing. A Mexican partly hidden by the fence reached down and stuck two red rosettes in his shoulders. With a bellow, the bull came into the ring. For a moment he stood undecided, tossing his head at the crowd, then charged straight for the picador on the brown horse. Horse and rider went down to-

THE BULL-FIGHT

gether. The crowd cheered. Before the bull could charge again, a matador with a red cape darted between them, and the bull was drawn to the other side of the ring. The picador was unhurt, but the brown horse tottered to his feet,



bleeding in the neck and shoulder. With their red capes the matadors took turns in teasing the bull. Holding their capes in front of them, they stood quietly as the bull charged, stepping lightly to one side as the bull rushed by. After a certain amount of teasing, the picador Lazaro Zavola "Pegote" advanced to meet the bull. The little gray's right eye was blindfolded, but as the bull charged, the little gray turned his head and dodged as only a cow-pony can. The Mexicans hissed, while the picador reached down and readjusted the blind. As the bull charged the second time,

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he little gray stood helpless in the center of the ring. Horse and rider went high in the air and came down in a heap together. "The Brave Picador Lazaro Zavola Pegote" landed on all fours and took the fence at one jump. Blood pouring from his shoulder, the little gray struggled to regain his feet as the bull charged again. The Mexicans were on their feet, screaming. As the bull charged a third time, I turned my face away. My friend was cursing in a low voice, his face a chalky white. An American girl stumbled past me toward the entrance, tears streaming down her cheeks. When I looked at the bull-ring again, the little gray pony was gone. The band was playing, and the ring was full of hats. A Mexican with a rake covered with sand the black pool where the little gray had fallen. My friend blew his nose violently.

"They are nothing but a bunch of savages. I wish it had been a Mexican instead of that little gray horse," he said.

A dozen times the bull tried to jump out of the ring. On one attempt he became lodged across the fence. With ropes the Mexicans finally got him back.

THE BULL-FIGHT

Next came the banderillas. On foot and hatless the banderillero Evaristo Villavisencio "Sordo Chico" ad-



vanced to the center of the ring. As the bull charged, he stood motionless, the banderillas poised above his head. The bull was almost upon him when he leaped lightly to one side, at the same time setting the banderillas in the bull's shoulders. The banderillas were evidently well placed, for the crowd cheered, and the bullet-headed *hombre* with the drooping black mustache threw his hat into the ring. Again the performance was repeated, the banderillas exploding with a roar.

The bull was tiring now. He scarcely noticed the red capes. With his neck and shoulders full of the wicked banderillas, he stood panting in the center of the ring, blood flowing from his mouth.

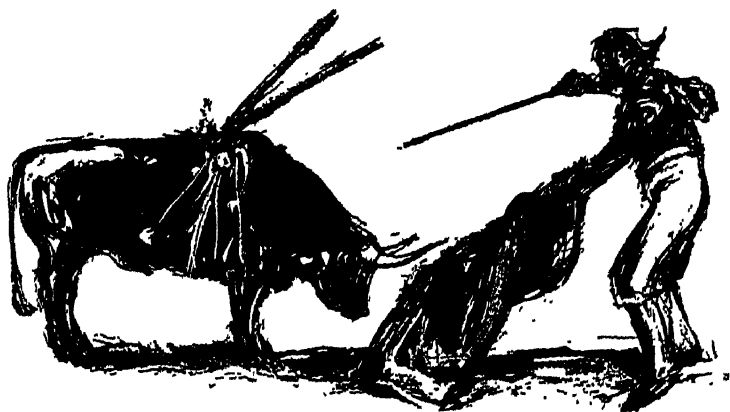
"Matador! Matador!" screamed the crowd.

With his sword hidden by the red cape, the matador Jose Sapien "Formalito" advanced to meet the bull. The bull was too weak to charge, but the crowd cheered as the matador, kneeling

MEN AND HORSES

directly in front of the bull, touched him with his hand. The bull turned and walked slowly away. Again and again the matador faced him. As the bull lunged weakly toward him, the matador ran his sword full length into the bull's neck. With blood pouring from his mouth, the bull turned slowly away. Stumbling blindly to the edge of the ring, he sank slowly to his knees.

The Mexicans were on their feet, screaming. The bull-ring was full of hats. With bells jingling, the team was driven in, and the bull dragged from the ring. Bowing profusely, the matador threw the hats back to the crowd. The band played, while the Mexican with a rake covered with fresh sand the black pools in the center of the ring.



BUTTON—A BOY







BUTTON—A BOY

THE two punchers crawled out of their blankets and built a fire. A third still slept.

"He shore hates to come out of it," said Shorty, pulling on his chaps by the fire. "But I don' blame him much at that. These mornings are pretty crimpy."

"All twelve-year-old kids are sleepy-headed," said Jimmy, who was starting breakfast. It was still dark in the cañon but at the first gray streaks in the east Shorty mounted his night horse. For some little time the sound of his pony's feet on the hard rock could be heard as they climbed the narrow trail to the mesa.

"Oh, bury me not," sang Jimmy as he mixed the bread. The crackling fire threw strange shadows amongst the trees. Button still slept.

MEN AND HORSES

It was Button's first summer with a cow outfit. Ever since he could remember he had ridden a pony, and each summer he had spent a few weeks at the ranch. But this summer it was different. He had a mount of horses of his own, just like the rest of the punchers. It was the middle of August, yet he had only been to town once since school had closed. That was on the fourth of July, when he had ridden in with the outfit for the three-day rodeo. His high-heeled boots and long-shanked spurs had been the envy of every boy in town. He had yelled himself hoarse when Shorty won the bronco-riding, and how proud he had been when Jimmy won the roping contest! For was n't he one of the outfit? If he could ever be as good a roper as Jimmy, or ride like Shorty, he 'd be happy. He had a good mount of horses, Fingertail, Smoky, and Scout. But he wanted the Gila Monster, a little roan outlaw who pitched each time he was saddled.

"You 're too little to ride pitchin' horses," said Shorty. Button sniffed.

"Ain't I a regular hand this summer? Ain't I one of the outfit?" Shorty had given him old

BUTTON—A BOY

Rambler instead, a gentle old cow-horse, from his own mount of horses. Each morning when the remuda came in Button always watched for the Gila Monster.

"Can't I ride him to-day?" But to Button's disgust Jimmy would always rope Smoky, or Scout, or old Rambler.

It was broad daylight when Shorty reached camp with the ponies.

"Chuck!" yelled Jimmy as the horses were driven into the corral.

"That's an even dozen times I've called him this morning," said Jimmy. Button still slept.

"Let him sleep," said Shorty. "Maybe he'll be ready to get up to-morrow morning."

Breakfast was eaten in silence. The dishes were washed and their horses caught up for the day's ride. They were leaving camp when Button woke.

"Where's my horse?" he yelled.

"We can't wait all day on you," said Shorty. "And you have n't had any breakfast."

"I don't want any," said Button, pulling on his boots.

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"You can't ride all day on an empty stomach," said Jimmy. "Better put in a pot of frijoles; we'll be back this evening sometime."

"Don't let 'em burn, either!" yelled Shorty over his shoulder, as they started up the narrow trail.

Button was peeved. He kicked the Dutch oven and sniffed. The idea of a day in camp by himself was not to his liking. He wanted to go along. There was sure to be fun to-day, for the cattle were wild on Rock Creek. He was n't getting a fair shake. The idea of leaving him in camp all day by himself just to cook a pot of beans! It was n't his fault he hated to get up in the morning. If he only had a horse, he'd go to town. This was out of the question, however, for the horses had been turned loose. Even old Rambler, gentle as he was, refused to be caught afoot. After breakfast, Button sat for a while on the Dutch oven and whittled. Presently he grew tired of this, and for want of something better he put in a pot of beans. Again he sat on the Dutch oven and whittled.

His roving eye finally settled on the cliff across the cañon. He decided to climb it. It was a hard

BUTTON—A BOY

climb and took him all of an hour, but from the top he could see for miles. The two moving specks in the distance were Jimmy and Shorty. He watched them until they finally disappeared. The smoke was from the smelter in town. It was thirty miles, he knew. Just across the cañon, far below him, the remuda was grazing. He counted them. There was one horse gone. He counted them again, but this time the count was right. He tried to pick out his horses among the herd. There was Smoky, and Scout, and presently he saw old Rambler grazing at the edge of the bunch, and, a little below him, the Gila Monster.

Button climbed back down the cliff. He knew what he'd do. He'd catch a horse and go to town. As he passed the camp he gave the pot of beans a kick. Wrangling afoot was a tough job, but he finally managed to drive a dozen ponies down the narrow trail, and into the corral. Among the bunch was the Gila Monster. In a cloud of dust the ponies swirled and dodged. After a dozen throws he finally roped the Gila Monster around the neck. Tying him to a post, he drove the rest of the bunch out of the corral. After dragging in his saddle he put up the corral

MEN AND HORSES

bars again. He was sure he could ride him, but he was n't taking any chances of losing his saddle—at least not until he got the little roan uncocked.

It took him all of thirty minutes to get his jumper tied over the Gila Monster's head. After the blind was on he had no trouble in putting on his saddle. He wished Jimmy and Shorty would happen up as he stepped across the little roan; but, anyway, they'd be surprised when they got to camp and found him and the Gila Monster gone to town.

The little roan stood quietly as Button eased into the saddle and caught his stirrups. Button was pale, but with a deep breath he reached down and pulled off the blind—and then it happened. With a grunt the Gila Monster went into the air, and Button saw the ground slanting far below him. When they landed the second jump, Button had lost a stirrup and was holding to the horn with both hands. The Gila Monster was bawling now, and the empty stirrup cut a deep gash over Button's eye, but he did not feel it. Something was getting in his eyes. He could n't see the ground any longer. But he held on. Everything was turning upside down. The Gila Monster was still

BUTTON—A BOY

bawling like a calf, but it sounded so far away now. He was getting sleepy, but he must hold on. Was n't he one of the outfit? Must hold on . . . must . . . hold . . .

When Jimmy and Shorty rode in that evening they found Button sitting on one of the Dutch ovens. He was very white, and above a blackened left eye that was tightly closed showed a long jagged cut. At his feet was a huge pile of shavings; on the fire, slightly burned, was a large pot of beans.

"What happened?" said Shorty.

"I got a fall," said Button, limping off toward the spring with a half-filled pail in his hands.

"Must have fell a long ways," said Shorty.

Jimmy said nothing, but after Button was out of sight he examined his saddle.

"Spur tracks," he said, "and right deep, I'd say."

"Wonder what horse threw him?" said Shorty. "Sh! here he comes," said Jimmy.

Shorty was driving the ponies into the corral next morning when Jimmy called "Chuck!"

There was a whirl of blankets, and out came

MEN AND HORSES

Button. With his levis over his arm and his boots in his hand he limped over to the fire and started to dress. Breakfast was eaten in silence. After the dishes were washed, Jimmy picked up his rope and started for the corral.

"You can ride the Gila Monster if you want to to-day," said Jimmy.

Button grinned.

"Old Rambler 's a pretty good horse."



A FOOL ABOUT A HORSE





A FOOL ABOUT A HORSE

THERE 'S no tellin' when you 'll meet up with a cow-puncher. They're such a driftin' lot. You 'll work with one for months sometimes, sleepin' in the same bed. Then some mornin' he 'll pull out. Mebbe you 'll see him again and mebbe you won't.

Steve always was a queer cuss, an' a fool about a horse. When I first met up with Steve he was breakin' horses for the Cross S outfit in Arizona. Most peelers is pretty rough on a horse, but Steve was different. He could teach a young horse most anything without half killin' him. Most of the horses in Steve's string was rank poison. But there was one little gray bronc in the bunch he called Three T.

Three T was gentle as a kitten, an' Steve taught him to do most everything 'cept talk. Three T would n't run with the rest of the horses. He hung around camp just like a dog. He nearly run Slim, the horse-wrangler, crazy at first tryin' to

MEN AND HORSES

herd him. After the ponies quieted down in the mornin', Slim always went back to camp to auger the cook. But he would n't any more 'n get off his horse 'an' there 'd be Three T trailin' along after him. Slim would take him back out to the remuda, an' as long as he was in sight the little gray would graze quiet. But the minute Slim pulled out for camp there 'd be Three T right at his heels.

All this was n't settin' well with Slim, for he liked his coffee between meals. He decides to run the little gray off, but it 's no use. In an hour Three T 's back at camp hangin' around just like a dog. Slim quit botherin' him after that, and, since none of the rest of the horses was any trouble to speak of, Slim spends most of his time in camp augerin' old Sour Dough, the cook, and fillin' his paunch full of coffee and cold steak. An' when the outfit 's in camp, Steve 's always a-foolin' with that little gray bronc, teachin' him to shake hands an' other such foolishness, an' a-feedin' him biscuits and sich until the little gray got to be a plumb nuisance.

We were eatin' supper one night when the blow-off comes. The punchers is all settin'

A FOOL ABOUT A HORSE

around on their heels stowin' away the grub. Three T's standin' just outside the circle waitin' for a biscuit, an' old Sour Dough's leanin' on the gonch hook airin' his paunch about the war. Nobody else is sayin' much, for it's a tender subject in this outfit. Most of the punchers is expectin' their call 'most any time, an' the idea of crossin' all that water ain't settin' well with none of them. Unless it's Steve, an' he's so quiet an' easy-goin' not even water makes much difference to him.

Old Sour Dough's right in the middle of tellin' what he'd do if he was n't too old to be drafted, when the little gray bronc eases up behind him and takes a biscuit out of one of the Dutch ovens. Old Sour Dough's so interested in his own game he don't even know what's goin' on. Finally Dogie Si snickered and old Sour Dough turns round in time to see Three T standin' over the empty oven, with his nose out beggin' for more. Everybody laughed—everybody except the cook. He swings on the little gray with the gonch hook catchin' him just back of the ear. Three T's legs sort of buckled under him, an' down he goes to his knees.

I looked at Steve. His face had gone a chalky

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white, an' he was makin' a queer noise in his throat. Old Sour Dough swung the gonch hook again—but it never landed. . . . It was n't much of a fight. Old Sour Dough's unconscious an' Steve's still makin' that queer noise in his throat when we finally pulled him off. Me an' the horse-wrangler washed the dishes an' sort of straightened up the camp. We're just finishin' up when Dogie Si come back from the cook's bunk an' said old Sour Dough had finally come to. I looked around for Steve, figurin' maybe he's dragged it. But there he was foolin' with that little bronc again, just as if nothin' d ever happened. We're eatin' supper not more 'n a week later when an Indian rides into camp. He's come from headquarters with a note from the boss and Steve's notice to report in town.

It was sundown when Steve pulled out. At the top of the ridge he set the little gray up an' looked back for a minute. Then he waved his hand an' was gone.

The saloon is plumb full of people when I goes in. There's a few Mexicans an' punchers scattered through the crowd, but most of the mob is tourists, an' they're swarmin' around the bar like a

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bunch of magpies. Down near the end of the bar I finally get close enough to get a foot on the rail. I got a forty-dollar thirst, but when the Mexican barkeep slides me a drink I sort of hesitate. I'm studyin' whether to take it out back some place an' drink it, when somebody pokes me in the ribs. I never did feel comfortable in Juarez without a gun, so I whirls around expectin' most anything. An' if there ain't Steve!

"Bill Jones," says he, with a grin!

The first thing Steve asks about is that little gray bronc. I'd plumb forgot the little gray, for the outfit shipped some horses to Texas not more 'n a month after Steve left, Three T goin' along with the bunch. But when I tells Steve he don't say nothin'.

"Here 's how!" says I when the Mexican barkeep fills 'em up again.

"How!" says Steve.

It's awful good to see Steve. I don't know what makes it, but you get to know a man better in a week out on the range than you will in a year's time in town.

"Heard you was killed in France."

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"No," says Steve, "it was in the laig."

"How 'd you like the army, anyway?"

Steve shakes his head.

"I done everything they told me, but I did n't do nothin' else. I finally got hit in the laig. I was in the hospital when the armistice was signed. Breakin' horses since I got out—New Mexico—come to Juarez to get drunk."

Coming from Steve, this is a heap of talk. Everybody's leavin' the saloon, an' from a tourist I finally gathers there's a bull-fight that afternoon; so me an' Steve has a few more drinks an' throws in with the crowd.

The place was pretty crowded, but we finally found a couple of seats on the shady side of the ring. Outside the entrance the band's playin'. About half the crowd's American tourists, I'd say from the looks of their clothes. There's one settin' 'longside of me an' Steve that said he was from New York. He wasn't a bad sort at that, in spite of the white suit he's wearin'. Steve bought some bottled beer, an' the tourist give me a program. It's printed in Spanish though, an' don't mean nothin' to me. We're startin' on our second bottle when some *hombre* blew a bugle. There's

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a hullabaloo at the entrance an' a bunch of soldiers marched in. I thought for a minute there 's another revolution, for they 're all carrying long rifles, and none of 'em's wearin' much except cartridges. The crowd don't pay 'em any mind though, so I eases back into my seat.

The *hombre* blew his bugle again, an' the bullfighters entered the ring.

A bunch on foot come first, carryin' red capes. Just behin' 'em comes a bunch that 's mounted. "Picadors," the tourist calls 'em. They 're wearin' different clothes an' the horses they 're ridin' look like they 'd been dead for a week. Next comes a team of horses. The *hombre* cut down on his bugle again. The team was driven out, the bullfighters took their places about the ring.

Another gate swung open an' the bull busts into the ring. He 's pretty snuffy, an' the sight of them red capes soon gets him on the prod. They teased him around a while, when all of a sudden he sees one of the horses. I think it 's queer the horse don't dodge, an' then I see he 's blindfolded. I ain't finicky, but it makes me kind of sick when the horse goes down. The rider ain't hurt, but there 's blood a-pourin' from the horse's neck an'

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shoulders. The pony's tryin' to get his feet when the bull charges again. The Mexicans is all on their feet, screaming. Steve's a-makin' that queer noise in his throat, an' the tourist is cryin' like a baby. An *hombre* just below me threw his hat in the ring. I'm for kickin' him into the ring after it, when Steve an' the tourist pull me down.

They finally killed the bull. The matador, Formalito they called him, did about as poor a piece of butcherin' as I've ever seen. The bull don't even notice the red capes now.

He's standin' in the center of the ring, blood pouring from his mouth. As the matador approached him the bull turned slowly away. A dozen times the matador faced him, but the bull is too weak to charge. Finally he runs his sword in the bull's neck. Stumblin' blindly to the edge of the ring, the bull sank slowly to his knees, blood pourin' from his mouth.

Steve and the tourist is for leavin', but there's three bulls to be killed, an' I ain't given up hope of seein' a Mexican killed. We finally compromise. An' I promise to go with 'em after the next

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bull's killed if they don't kill a Mexican in the meantime.

We'd opened some more beer when the Mexicans took their places again. I ain't payin' much attention to anything except the beer, when I notice one of the horses.

He's nothin' but skin an' bones, but there's somethin' awful familiar to me in the way he moves around. I looked at Steve; his face had gone a chalky white, an' he's makin' that queer noise in his throat. Then I knew. I don't remember much that happened after that. Steve's down in the bull-ring an' has the picador by the



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throat before any one knew what happened. Then all hell broke loose. There's a dozen Mexicans a-tryin' to drag Steve off that picador when I got to him. I broke a bottle over an *hombre's* head that had Steve by the hair, and then the whole remuda run over me an' I went to sleep. . . .

My head's a-splittin' when I woke up, but it don't take me long to figure out where I am. There's bars across the windows an' a bullet-headed *hombre* with a long rifle, standin' just outside the door. Steve ain't here. Must 'a' killed him, I figure, but my head's a-spinnin,' so I go to sleep again.

Sounds like the tourist's voice, but I'm afraid to look at first, for fear I'm hearin' things. But sure enough, it is.

"How's Steve?"

"All right," he says, an' sorta smiles an' introduces me to some lawyer friend of his.

We stopped an' had a drink, an' then he heads the car for home. I can't get no information out of either of 'em. They both looks wise an' sorta smiles at everything I says. It's an awful relief to me when we gets back across the bridge. El

A FOOL ABOUT A HORSE

Paso never looked so good before. The lawyer finally stopped the car.

"My place," he says, an' asks me if I'll have a look around.

"What about Steve?"

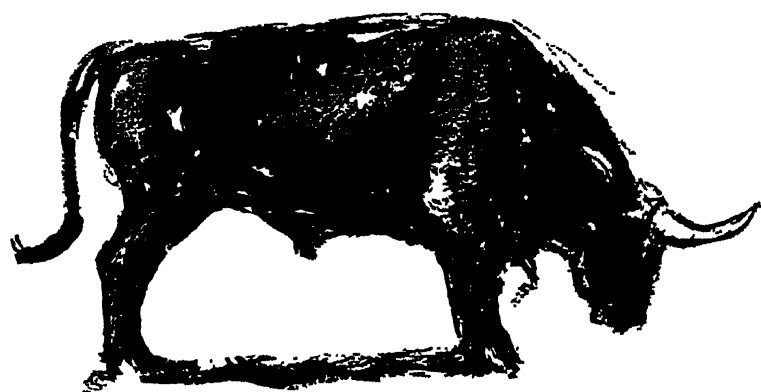
"Oh, he's all right," he says, an' heads me for the barn.

Steve sorta grinned when we come in, an' then went on a-foolin' with the little gray.

He always was a queer cuss, an' a fool about a horse.



Don S. L. C.



QUITS





From Santa Fe
Cora S. Runk
Arizona

QUITS

THEY never spoke, and all winter they had been range branding together. They slept in the same tepee. But Bill cooked his own meals and wrangled his own horses. Bob did the same. Occasionally they came to headquarters for chuck. Once they came together. Bill was out of flour, and Bob wanted some No. 2 shoes for old Blue Dog, his pet horse. They stayed all night at the ranch-house and pulled out together in the morning, each leading his own pack-mule.

Each kept his own calf tally. When Bill branded a calf he strung one of the calves' ears on a wire. Bob strung his on a separate wire, but both wires hung on the same tree. Their tally never varied much. They left camp about the same time in the morning. If Bill rode north, Bob went south, and they seldom met except at sundown. Bob was the best roper and usually got to camp first, but by riding late Bill brought in as many ears as Bob.

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Except for old Sooner, the dog, they were alone. He was a triffin' hound. He had come to their camp one night so poor and sore-footed he could hardly walk. He played no favorites at first. Both punchers fed him. One morning he followed Bob off. After that Bill never fed him again, or let him lie on his bed. And it was old Sooner who came near causing serious trouble. Bill came in late one evening with five ears in the pocket of his chaps. In the morning when he went to string them on his wire three of them were gone. He looked at Bob's tally, and then at Bob. Then he went inside for his gun. As he came out of the tepee he was just in time to see old Sooner swallow the two remaining ears he had thrown to the ground. Without speaking Bob took five ears from his tally and slowly tossed them to the dog. After old Sooner had swallowed the last one, he mounted and rode north with old Sooner at his heels. Bill shod a pony, and some time later he pulled out in the opposite direction.

It was dark when Bill got into camp that night. Bob was n't there. Bill tied up a night horse and cooked supper. A little later he hung up the beef and went to bed. But somehow he could n't sleep,

QUITS

and once he thought he heard a dog howling off toward the north. He pulled on his boots and saddled the night horse. Then he sat on his heels and waited, for the moon would be up in an hour. It was still black in the cañon when Bill started, but by the time he topped out on the mesa it was almost as light as day. The coyotes were yelping on all sides, but every little while Bill stopped and listened. Then away to the north he heard it again—the mournful howling of a lonely dog.

Old Sooner growled when Bill rode up. The horse was dead. Pinned under him with a busted leg was Bob all white and still. Bill cut away the boot and somehow carried him into camp that night. The next day he brought him on to the ranch. The rest of the outfit did what they could to make him easy. Bill waited on him like a woman, and it was Bill who carried him gently to the car when they finally started for town. But they did n't speak.

A year slipped by before I saw them again. We were gathering horses for the fall work. For a week the punchers had been stringing in from their line-camps. The night before we pulled out for Black River they rode in together with old Sooner

MEN AND HORSES

at Bob's heels. The three of us were on wrangle together. They had plenty to say to me, but the way they ignored each other was something I could n't savvy. One morning while Bob and I were alone at the hold-up I could n't hold in any longer. "What's the matter with Bill?" I said.

"Nothin'," says Bob, "only I don't like him."

A few days later I spoke to Bill. "Ain't nothin' the matter," he says, "'cept we don't hitch." I could n't understand nor could the rest of the punchers. There had been no trouble between them. It had been funny to the outfit at first. But now we wondered why in the world Bob did n't quit, for Bill had acted white that night on the mesa.

Six weeks on the mountain. Moving camp every few days, which kept the pack-animals busy. We came down with the herd in October. Except for a few crippled horses, nothing much happened until we started to work the lower range. Then the bronco fighter quit. Every one was short on horses, so the foreman divided up his mount. Bill was n't much of a twister and uncocked his bronc in the corral. The bronc trotted around the corral a few times like an old horse. Then they opened



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the gate. But as they came out, old Sooner jumped and barked. The old bronc downed his head and pitched straight for the fence, bawling like a steer. Four of them started to head him, but Bob was the first one there. The others went on the outside, but Bob took the fence. They went down in a heap together. Bill and the bronc was n't scratched. But Bob and old Blue Dog did n't get up. It was the old leg again.

They carried Bob into the ranch-house. The only time he flinched was when he heard a shot, and he knew they had finished old Blue Dog. We packed his leg in moss and made him as easy as we could for the long ride to town. A little later Bill came in. They did n't speak until they were alone. But as I passed the open window, on the way to the spring I heard Bob say: "This squares me for that night on the mesa. Now we 're quits again."



THE RUMMY KID





Rosa Santos

THE RUMMY KID

IT was still pouring rain when we woke the third morning.

"Might as well head for town," said the puncher, "unless ya want to turn this trip into a duck hunt."

"Don't you think there's any chance of it letting up?" I asked.

"Nobody but fools an' tenderfeet ever predict the weather in Arizona," said the puncher, and as he mixed the bread he cursed, softly, the weather, the leaky cabin, and finally the idea of ever coming to hunt on this particular mountain in the first place. As I went out to drive in the horses, I heard the puncher groan.

"Eight days huntin' an' not even one measly white-tailed deer."

We came off the mountain in a dense fog. The water that poured down the narrow trail ran halfway to the horses' knees. Occasionally the hazy outline of a pine-tree loomed suddenly beside the trail, only to be lost again in the mist and pouring

MEN AND HORSES

rain. As the trail grew steeper, the occasional outline of the trees changed to scrub-oak and cedar.

"Helluva country," said the puncher as we stopped to fix one of the packs. "One day a man can't get drinkin'-water, an' next day it's wet enough to bog a snipe."

Below the timber-line the rain suddenly ceased, but the fog was denser than ever. At the foot of the mountains another pack turned.

"Let's build a cigarette," said the puncher, and from his hat he produced tobacco and brown papers.

"Wish this fog would let up until we strike the main wash." We had ridden for a couple of hours before the puncher stopped again.

"We're off the trail," he said. "We should have passed an old wood camp a half-hour ago. Wait here with the packs while I have a look around."

The next moment he was lost in the fog. I waited; it seemed for an age before he returned.

"We're outa luck," he said briefly. "I can't make out nothin' in this fog." As he rolled another cigarette he added, "Looks like we'd sleep in a wet bed to-night."

THE RUMMY KID

We smoked for a while in silence. Suddenly out of the fog I heard a voice, singing. I could hardly believe my ears. As the voice came nearer I looked at the puncher. He flashed a broad grin.

"It 's the Rummy Kid," he said.

The song ceased abruptly as the Kid rode out of the fog.

"Hello, Rummy!" said the puncher.

The Kid smiled, and to me he gave a quick nod. He was just a boy, not over eighteen. His eyes were brown and wide apart; his face thin and drawn. A cigarette hung from his sensitive mouth, and the mop of hair that covered his low forehead was black and coarse as an Apache's.

"Horse-huntin'?" said the puncher. The Kid nodded. I wondered if he knew how to speak. Then I remembered the song.

"How far 's the main wash?" asked the puncher.

"Quite a piece," said the Kid; "but I know a short cut."

The Kid wheeled his horse abruptly, and we followed him into the fog. There was no trail, and the going was rough and brushy. Presently

MEN AND HORSES

the Kid stopped. We were at the edge of a broad wash. The Kid's face lighted up with another smile.

"Can't miss it now," he said, pointing.

I looked down the broad wash and turned to thank him. But the Kid was gone. It was raining again as the pack outfit strung slowly down the wash. Presently I heard the Kid's voice out of the fog, singing.

"Helluva country," said the puncher as he rolled another cigarette.

"Who was the Kid?" I asked.

"Oh, him?" said the puncher. "He ain't nothin' but a horse-wrangler. He landed in Globe with a circus. It was a sort of fly-by-night outfit, I guess. Anyway, it went broke while they was in town. The Kid hung around Globe for a while, sorta like a lost dog, until he met Slim. Slim was breakin' horses over on Cherry Creek an' took the Kid out to the ranch. That was four or five years ago. The Kid told Slim he was raised in Chicago and run away with a circus 'cause he liked horses. He never had much of a raisin', I guess. Anyway, he never went back. He don't belong in this coun-

THE RUMMY KID

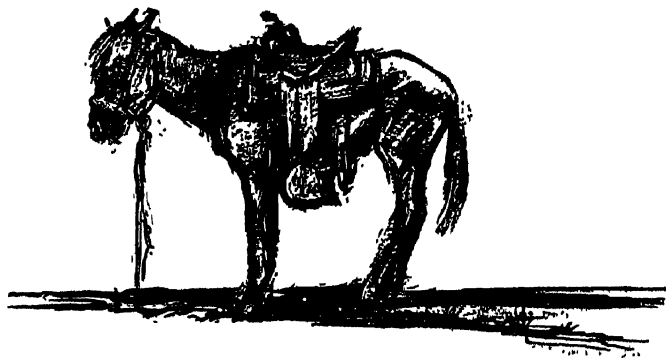
try, either. Everybody rides him unless Slim's around. Funny how them two took up with each other! Rummy's afraid of his own shadow, an' Slim would fight a buzz-saw.

"I never heard of Rummy ever fightin' but once. Him an' old Sour Dough was range brandin' one winter up the cedars. One night Shorty stayed all night at their camp. Old Sour Dough is pretty ornery, an' he had the Kid scared plumb to death. The way old Sour Dough kept ridin' the Kid finally got on Shorty's nerves. Finally he up an' tells the Kid that if he'll lick old Sour Dough he'd see that he got a fair shake. The Kid's plump desperate, an' he takes to old Sour Dough like a wildcat. He blacks both of the old boy's eyes, an' finally, when he's more dead than alive, old Sour Dough hollers enough. Next morning old Sour Dough can't see well enough to tell a horse from a steer yearlin'. But when Shorty starts for home the Kid goes with him. He's afraid to stay alone with old Sour Dough, even after he's licked him. The Kid savvies a horse, though. But he's chicken-hearted. Did ya notice his eyes? They're big and soft, like a woman's."

MEN AND HORSES

As the Rummy Kid jogged slowly down the long ridge his eyes were on the ground. The trail that ran along the rocky backbone of the hill was well worn, and had been beaten down by countless unshod hoofs.

"It's him, all right," said the Kid aloud, as he noted one unshod track much larger than the rest. "It's the buckskin."



Near the end of the long ridge the trail turned off abruptly and disappeared into the brush. Here the Kid dismounted and dropped his bridlereins. Slowly he worked his way to a large flat rock at the end of the ridge. Removing his battered felt hat, he crawled to the edge. The Kid caught his breath sharply. Far below the wild horses were grazing, and at the edge of the herd

THE RUMMY KID

stood the buckskin stallion, tossing his head in the wind.

The buckskin stallion had been a yearling when the Kid first saw him. That was four years ago. But it seemed like yesterday to the Kid. Well he remembered the day. He had been horse-hunting on a long-legged bronc. As he rode out of the cedars he had come suddenly on a bunch of wild horses, grazing at the edge of the mesa. The Kid thrilled when he thought of the race that followed. Four miles across that open mesa, with the wind stinging his face. The thunder of flying hoofs on the hard ground. The big black that fell and never moved again. He could have roped any horse in the bunch that day—except the buckskin. As they came down off the rocky side of the mesa he could have touched a big bay maverick with his hand. The wild horses were all about him, yet the Kid had been unafraid. His eyes were on the flying buckskin up in front.

For some time now the Kid lay watching the buckskin stallion. Suddenly his pony nickered. As the Kid raised his head the wild bunch headed down the broad valley on the dead run, the buck-

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skin far in the lead. A mile down the valley the big stallion stopped and turned. The Kid waved his hat. The buckskin wheeled and disappeared in a clump of cedars.

The Rummy Kid mounted his pony and trotted back up the ridge. The sun was not more than an hour high. At the edge of the mesa the remuda was grazing. The Kid counted them. There was one horse gone. Again the Kid counted the bunch, but one horse *was* missing. Slowly the Kid rode through the herd. Six X was gone. The Kid groaned, for old Six X was in the foreman's mount. "Another cussing," thought the Kid. As long as he'd lost a horse he wished it was one of old Sour Dough's mount. How he hated old Sour Dough. He hated them all—all but Slim. Slim never cussed him. Suddenly the Kid saw something move in a thicket, and the next moment old Six X came walking out of the bush.

At a gallop the Kid threw the horses together. It was sundown as they filed slowly down the rocky trail to the camp below. And above the clatter of the shod hoofs on the hard rock the Kid's voice could be heard singing.

The Rummy Kid lay in his blankets and stared

THE RUMMY KID

up at the stars. A dozen empty beds just like his own lay scattered about the little flat. The camp-fire at the foot of a large sycamore threw strange shadows among the trees. From his bed the Kid could hear the low voices of the punchers, who sat squatted on their heels about the fire.

The Kid could n't sleep, for he was leaving in the morning. It was only a week's trip, but the Kid was excited. In the morning he was going to take a mount of horses over on the Gila. Maybe he'd get to see Slim, for he was going to stop at headquarters on the way back. Suddenly the Kid sat up in his blankets. It was Ribs, the foreman talking.

"It can't be done," said old Ribs, "unless we use a relay of horses. There's no one horse in this outfit can catch him. I jumped him out not over a week ago. I was ridin' old Hooker, and him grain-fed. I had the wind on the bunch and come bustin' right out of the cedars before they noticed me. I could have caught any horse in the herd except the buckskin. For three miles I cut the blood outa old Hooker with a double end of rope, but I never got close enough to the buckskin to get a smear. I was n't packin' a gun that day or I'd

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a' bored him through as he went down off the other end of the mesa."

The Kid lay in his blankets and thrilled, for old Hooker was the fastest horse in the outfit.

The sun was not more than an hour high as the Rummy Kid jogged slowly down the long ridge. Near the end of the ridge where the well worn trail turned off into the brush the Kid dismounted and dropped his bridle-reins. Slowly he worked his way to the large flat rock at the end of the ridge. Removing his battered felt hat he crawled to the edge. But the valley below him was empty. The buckskin stallion was gone. Slowly the Kid mounted his pony and trotted back up the long ridge. He had missed Slim, too. But across the edge of the mesa his pony struck a gallop and the Kid sang.

It was sundown as his pony started down the narrow trail to the camp below. Suddenly the Kid reined in his pony, and the song died on his lips. It could n't be him. It could n't be. Far below him he saw the punchers all gathered about the big corral at the edge of the camp, and securedly tied to the snubbing-post in the center,

THE RUMMY KID

with a hackamore on his head, was the buckskin stallion.

With a strange choking in his throat, the Kid spurred his pony on down the rocky trail. Through a mist the Kid saw the big stallion. He looked white now from the sweat and dust that caked him. It was old Sour Dough talking, but the Kid heard him in a daze.

"Old Hooker was dead, and Ribs, the foreman hurt. We relayed on him," said old Sour Dough. "It took nine of us mounted on grain-fed horses to catch him, an' we'll brand him in the morning."

The Kid choked back a sob as he stumbled out of the corral.

"Come and get it, Rummy," said the cook.

"I ain't hungry," said the Kid, sniffing.

"Better eat somethin', Kid. Slim's comin' to-night, an' he's goin' to ride the buckskin in the mornin'." The Kid shook his head as he stumbled toward the blankets.

"I'll be damned," said the cook, "if the Rummy Kid ain't cryin'."

As the Rummy Kid lay in his blankets he could



THE RUMMY KID

hear the low voices of the punchers about the fire.

Presently he heard Slim's voice.

"Where's the Kid?" said Slim. But when Slim came over to his bed the Kid pretended sleep. He hated Slim now. He knew the buckskin would fight. But Slim could ride. It would be the same old story again. They'd choke the big stallion down and blindfold him while they put the saddle on. Slim would swing up and catch his stirrups. Then they'd turn him loose. And finally the big stallion, with his head hanging and the blood streaming from his shoulders—broken.

The fire burned low before the punchers scattered to their blankets, but the Kid was wide awake when Slim came over to his bed. Sitting cross-legged on the foot of the Kid's bed Slim rolled a cigarette.

"Goin' to have some fun in the mornin', Kid," he said.

The Kid sobbed aloud.

"Why, what's the matter, Kid?" said Slim. "Who's been ridin' ya?"

"Nobody," sobbed the Kid. "You go to hell."

The punchers were all asleep in their blankets,

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but the Rummy Kid lay staring up at the stars with round wide open eyes. Off toward the north a coyote howled. It was still dark in the little flat where the camp lay. But the moon was beginning to flood the edge of the mesa with its soft light. The Rummy Kid sat up quietly and pulled on his boots. Walking softly, he disappeared into the shadows. The buckskin snorted as the Kid took down the corral bars, and as the Kid approached the snubbing-post he struck out with both fore feet.

"It's all right," said the Kid in a low voice. "It's all right."

Again the wicked fore feet struck, but the Kid was quick. Slowly he approached. He could almost touch the hackamore with his hand. Then a knife flashed—

A thunder of hoofs on the hard ground. A sound like the wind through the pines. And the buckskin rushed on into the night.



■

SAM





SAM

WE could hear the Gila booming for some little time, but as we topped out, it suddenly turned to a roar.

"No use goin' any further. I would n't try to cross for all the horses this outfit owns. We'd stand about as much chance as that snowball I hear you mention on occasions."

Shorty reined in his pony, and as he spoke we watched the river half a mile below us.

"There's the Hook and Line ranch just across from where she spreads out a little.

"Now watch them logs go out of sight when they hit the box."

The logs drifted smoothly for a while, but as we watched they suddenly shot forward and disappeared in the wall of water that poured through the narrow gorge of solid rock.

"Anybody ever make it across?" I asked.

"I know a guy that did it, and he was n't drunk either," said Shorty.

Turning in his saddle, he pointed to a little spot

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of green some twenty miles to the north on our side of the river.

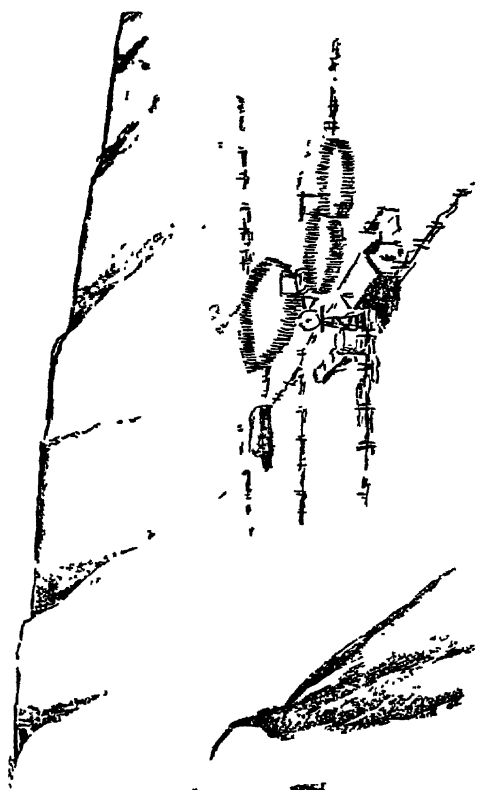
"There 's where he lives. Ever hear of Sam?"

"No."

"Well, the first time I ever saw Sam, he was fightin' broncs for the old V.O. outfit. I was wrangling horses during the fall round-up—my first job around a cow outfit. I was just a button, and you know how a kid looks up to a bronco-twister. This Sam was a slit-eyed devil, with a face like flint; but, man, how he could ride! He never had anything to say and kept pretty much to himself. None of the outfit liked him. Of course there was n't anything said, for any one with half an eye could look at Sam and see it would n't be healthy.

"I did n't see much of him till we got to the old headquarters ranch. Then every morning, as soon as the remuda quieted down, I'd beat it for the bronc corral and watch Sam. He never paid any more attention to me than if I was n't there at all, but I rather liked that, as the rest of the outfit kept me on the prod most of the time anyway.

"One day he let me saddle a bronc! I was that swelled I forgot all about the remuda, and let six



MEN AND HORSES

head get away, with two of the boss's mount in the bunch. What he said was plenty, so after that I stayed with the ponies.

"About a week later I was holdin' the remuda on those open ridges when along come old Ben, the fence-rider. He got off his horse to auger me a while, so I up and asked him about Sam. Among other triflin' things, Sam had done six years for holdin' up a passenger-train out of Wilcox one night. He had been a member of Black Jack's old gang and was just naturally a bad *hombre*.

" 'And a good man to let alone,' says old Ben as he rode off down the ridge shakin' his head.

"The next day the foreman sent me along to help Sam back from Muskell with a new string of broncs. He never said a word all the way over, but when we got to the rim he pointed out that spot of green I just showed you. Then he told me about his kid, a little boy about eight months old. I dropped both bridle-reins, I was that surprised. To think of him carin' for anybody, least of all a kid!

"I thought maybe after that he'd talk a little when I was around, but I never got more out of him than a nod.

SAM

"When the fall work ended, I got a job drivin' team for old Barclay. Once in a while I'd see a V.O. puncher, but Sam had gone. They did n't know where, and, what's more, did n't care.

"Along in March I met Sam comin' down the street. We shook hands. Sam said he was workin' at the Hook and Line across there where I showed you.

" 'How's the little boy?' I says.

"He turned away for a minute, but when he looked at me again his face was harder than ever.

" 'He died last night.'

"Then he walked on down the street.

"I went back to V.O.'s in the spring and heard the rest of it from Slim, a puncher from Eagle Creek.

"It seems he and Dogie Si stopped at Sam's place one night when it was stormin' so they could n't make their camp. They found Sam's wife alone with the kid, and it was bad sick. And her a-cryin' for the doctor and wantin' Sam.

"So Si rode to Fort Thomas for the doctor, while Slim went to tell Sam across at the Hook and Line.

"The woman knew Sam could n't cross the river, but she was set on havin' him know about the kid.

MEN AND HORSES

"It 's pretty rough from Sam's place to the river, and Slim's horse fell twice. The last time he did n't get up, but Slim made the rest of the way on foot.

"He shot a couple of times before he could raise anybody. Then he yelled across that the boy was sick.

"That was all Sam heard.

"Slim wanted to tell him that they had sent for the doctor, and that he thought that everything would be all right.

"But by now Sam had his night horse saddled, and the next thing Slim heard was Sam cussin', tryin' to get his horse to take the water. Slim yelled at him to go back as they 'd sent for the doctor already, but Sam did n't pay no mind.

"It was so dark that after they hit the water Slim could n't see anything. He thought the drift had carried them down, but pretty soon here they comes right through the ice and logs that was streakin' by. They come out just above the box. Sam stopped long enough to bridle the horse, for when they hit the water he had slipped the bridle so the old pony could have his head.

"Then he was gone.

SAM

"Now, you know Slim never had any more use for Sam than anybody else did, but he sat down and cried like a baby."

Shorty wheeled his horse, and we started back down the narrow trail. But I turned for one more look at the little patch of green off toward the north.

"Yeh," said Shorty, interpreting my glance. "A man's a queer animal, ain't he? About the time you think you've got one pegged he goes and upsets the dope.

"Let's be driftin'."





THE HORSE-WRANGLER





Pen Sanku
Amjona

THE HORSE-WRANGLER

A TENDERFOOT looking for work around a cow outfit is apt to be disillusioned. If he gets a job of any sort he will be lucky if nothing worse happens. For the first few months he will be in his own way and every one else's. And there is no romance in shoeing horses and being pitched over a corral fence. But if a man will work and is willing to sweat until he is worth something to the outfit, he may eventually catch on. Around a cow outfit when a man sweats it means that he works for his chuck and gets no pay. Aside from tending the ranch and packing salt, wrangling horses is where most punchers start, and the horse-wrangler does n't stand very high in a cow camp. His relation to a top hand is much the same as a dish-washer's to the head cook in any first-class restaurant. The horse-wrangler has nothing to do with the cattle. He drags wood for the cook, and acts as sort of companion and head nurse to the herd of saddle-horses and pack stock that make up the remuda.

MEN AND HORSES

The horses are brought in about sun-up. As soon as each puncher is mounted for the day the rest of the bunch are turned over to the horse-wrangler.

This was where my job began. I had nothing to do but take the horses out in the morning, water them at noon, and repeat the performance again in the evening. It sounds simple, but at times it's apt to be interesting.

If the feed is good a horse will fill up in a couple of hours. Then he lies down and sleeps for a while. If the ground is rough he sleeps standing. However, they don't all sleep at the same time, and a few that I've known did most of their grazing on a long trot.

On a mesa it's an easy thing to hold a hundred head of horses. But when the country is rough and broken a man can't see more than ten head at a time. He never knows what the other ninety are doing. In fact, I found on several occasions when throwing the bunch together that the other ninety had pulled out for parts unknown.

After the ponies quiet down in the morning the wrangler usually goes to camp for a while and augers the cook. If the cook happens to be feeling

THE HORSE-WRANGLER



in good humor the wrangler may even be asked to help himself to the coffee and cold steak. However, this is the exception and never the rule.

Some days the wrangler can be gone for hours, and when he gets back he will find all the horses together, but again let him leave for twenty minutes and there won't be a horse in sight when he returns.

The herd of saddle-horses and pack stock are known as the remuda. Each puncher rides his own string of horses that are cut to him by the foreman. A puncher's mount usually consists of from eight to twelve head and a night horse. At night the horses are turned loose and each puncher wrangles in turn. Usually two or three men are on at a time. Their night horses are tied up the night before. The men leave camp before daylight. By the time it's light enough to see a horse

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they start throwing the ponies together. The horses are counted and generally reach camp about sun-up.

If the outfit has a night-hawk he holds the horses together at night and drives the bunch in at daylight. A puncher's night horse carries his bed when the outfit moves camp. The average size of the remuda, depending on the number of men riding, is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five head.

The horse-wrangler must know each horse, but among the bunch, as in a crowd of human beings, there are always a few he comes to know best. For each horse has a personality decidedly his own. For instance, Rat was the cook's horse during the round-up. At other times he belonged to any one in the outfit that was short a horse. No matter how short the feed, Rat always had a crease down his back. But while most horses run in pairs he had no particular partner. His weakness was colts and strays. The sorrier the stray the closer Rat would stay with him.

One morning at Soda Cañon two little colts came in with the remuda. The range was full of mockeys (wild mares), and the colts had been left

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when the punchers ran the bunch out the day before. A mockey seldom goes back after her colt. So in the night the colts had found the remuda and had come in with the saddle-horses in the morning.

Rat immediately took charge. He fought every horse in the remuda that came near, until late in the afternoon old Slocum finally noticed them. Rat nickered and ran in a circle for a while, but decided he'd have to give them up. For old Slocum was boss of the remuda. In the way into camp at sundown Rat consoled himself by throwing in with a stray mule that belonged to a nester.

Shoestring, Bloucher, and Sailor all ran together. Any time a puncher found one he always knew the other two were not far away. Shoestring was a slim-bellied sorrel, an outlaw. Bloucher and Sailor were gentle as kittens.

Some days the punchers did n't change horses at noon. If they made camp by the middle of the evening, one of the punchers usually brought the horses they had ridden out to the remuda. In Shoestring's case that was n't necessary. The minute he was turned loose he left on a dead run, never stopping till he had found Bloucher and

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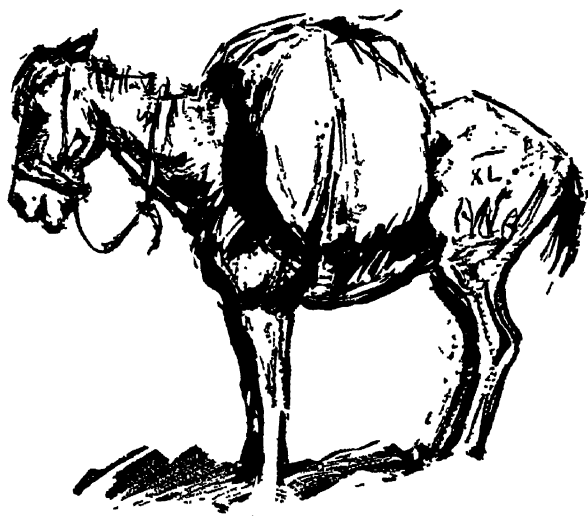
Sailor, even if the remuda were four miles from camp.

In the foreman's mount was Three T, a little hook-nosed sorrel which always trailed the bunch. Any horse he could get to follow him off suited him. He disliked being herded. As long as I was in sight he would graze quietly, but the minute he found I'd gone to camp he'd pull out with as many horses as he could get to follow him. Going into camp at sundown he was always the last one down the trail. Any time he could get behind brush enough to hide himself he invariably stopped. If he was n't noticed he'd stand until he thought I was out of sight; then he'd quietly pull out in the opposite direction.

Burro was a flea-bitten gray that was seldom used except to pack or wrangle horses. One of the punchers said he'd been a good horse at one time. Still another 'lowed that if he was it must be just a late thing, as he had known him for twenty years.

Anyway, the night before the herd was moved to the shipping-pens old Burro was tied up to wrangle on. Next morning one of the packhorses did n't come in. So when the outfit pulled out, Burro went along packing a bed. There were

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some twenty-odd bulls in the herd to be shipped. Each one had to have his horns tipped before loading. A puncher generally rides his top horse to the shipping-pens. Stretching out an old bull is n't as much fun as it might be, and this trip, after the first half-dozen, the top horses began to quit cold. Finally a puncher led in old Burro.

It was nearly dark when the last bull was stretched, but Burro was still holding just as hard on his end and looking down the line like the old cow-horse he was.

Red was one of the pack-mules. His pet aversion was a rope. No one ever roped him in the

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corral; at least no one ever did it a second time, for it took the whole outfit to turn him loose. Any one could walk up to him, and if he just laid the rope over Red's shoulder, he would allow himself to be led out. He always carried the Dutch ovens when the outfit moved camp. As soon as he was loaded he backed up against the nearest tree, and leaned against it until the rest of the horses were packed. On any of the other horses the pack was always taken off before he was turned loose. Red had his own ideas about such things. If a puncher first slipped off the hackamore, Red would stand quietly while he was unpacked. But if he was unpacked first, it took the whole outfit and the dog to get the hackamore off.

Old Slocum was the leader of the remuda at the Bar F Bar, and acted accordingly. He was n't much to look at. He was hammer-headed, ewe-necked, with a huge body altogether out of proportion to his very short legs. His frayed tail made me think of a badly worn hobby-horse.

When the outfit worked from the big corral he was always the first horse up the narrow trail to the mesa. About half-way up he made his first stop to blow. Everything stopped when he did. No

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amount of cussing from below could make him move until he was ready. The fighting and ruction among the horses below him he ignored completely unless they crowded him. Then as he raised his head and flattened his ears they would fall away on all sides to give him room. When camp was moved, old Slocum always carried part of the kitchen. This was the only work he did. In his younger days he had been a cow-horse, a good one some of the punchers said. I often wondered how he felt about being packed instead of ridden. If he had any feeling about the matter he kept it to himself, for he was still the boss of the remuda and the leader.

One finds almost every kind of name in a remuda of horses. Some of the horses are called after their brands, as Beer Keg, R Finger, Cross L, and Ten of Diamonds. As a rule the first man who rides the horse names him. A little gray bronc, for obvious reasons, was called Kettle Belly. The boss decided it did n't look as well in the horse book as it might, and renamed him Steve. But the last time I saw the little gray saddled the twister was calling him Frijoles.

The horse-wrangler always rides the sorriest



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horses in the outfit. If he happens to get one that looks particularly good, it's ten to one there's something decidedly wrong.

When the work started one fall on the mountain, the foreman was cutting each puncher his horses. Finally he roped a big black.

"Who gets him?" I asked.

"He's one of yours," says he.

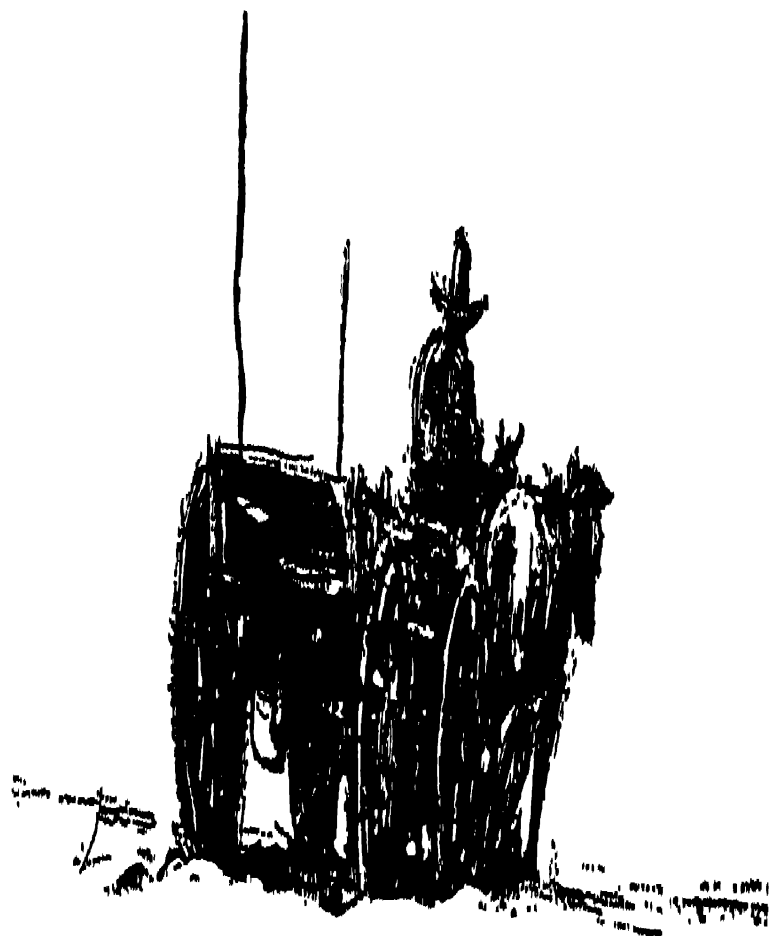
It sounded too good to be true. As I was putting on the saddle, one of the punchers eased over and said: "Of course it ain't none of my business, but if I was you I would n't cinch him too tight. He falls over backwards."

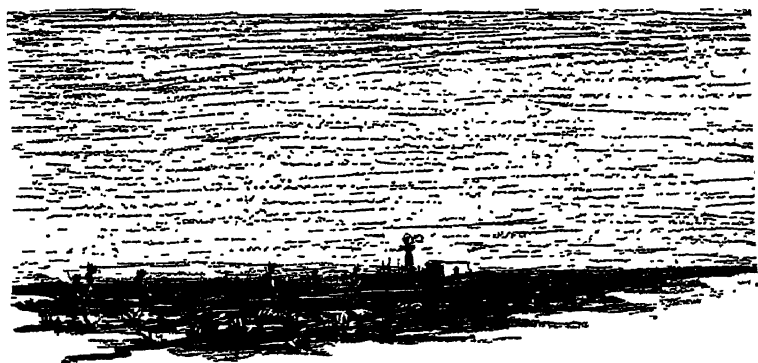
At the shipping-pens one spring the punchers were all sitting along the top of the pen waiting to load. One of the old punchers was sitting on the opposite side, talking to an inspector. I never knew what the inspector asked, but as he nodded toward me, I heard the old puncher say: "Who? Him? Hell, no. He ain't nothin' but the horse-wrangler."



A COW-PUNCHER'S
PINCH OF SNUFF







A COW-PUNCHER'S PINCH OF SNUFF

I ALWAYS wanted to be a cow-puncher. When I was a little kid on the farm in East Texas I could n't think of nothin' else. Most kids, I guess, is that-a-way, but they never could knock the idea out of me. That was all farmin' country, even then. But once in a while some one would drive a bunch of cattle by our place. I could n't have been more 'n eight years old when I followed one bunch off. It did n't make any difference to me that I was the only one afoot. I had a long stick, an' was busier than a bird-dog drivin' drags. I had an uncle livin' down the road about four miles. He happened to see me goin' by his place.

“ ‘Whatcha doin’, kid?’

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" 'A-working stock,' says I.

"He finally talked me into goin' on back home with him—

"I stuck it out until I got to be about fifteen. Then I pulled out for good. I've never been home since."

"You! Wagon!" yelled Shorty, as one of the packhorses stopped to graze. "Git up the country!"



The outfit was moving camp. A mile ahead we could see the dust from the herd as it moved slowly into Seven Mile. Shorty and I were trailing along with the remuda, far in the rear.

Of all the cow-punchers I have ever known Shorty was to me the most interesting. Shorty was thirty-four when I met him and foreman of the Cross S outfit in Arizona. We worked there

A COW-PUNCHER'S PINCH OF SNUFF

through one round-up together, and in bad weather we slept in the same tepee. Aside from the fact that Shorty did everything a little better than any one else you would n't have guessed he was foreman. He was a little runt, with a pair of steel-blue eyes and a mop of hair as black and coarse as an Apache's. Of course his legs were bowed. Shorty was always the last cow-puncher to bed at night and usually the first one up in the morning. He talked incessantly. His stories, real or fancied, were told in a rambling, disconnected sort of way. To me they were always interesting. For I have never known a cow-puncher with a keener sense of humor or a point of view more decidedly his own.

"After I left home I got a job near Midland, greasin' windmills. But ridin' herd on a flock of them things did n't suit me no better than picking cotton. I wanted to be a cow-puncher, so I drifted into New Mexico. I did n't have no trouble findin' work, but it was n't what I wanted. It seemed that I could always land a job at anything 'cept punchin' cows. A fellow named McDougal finally put me on. The peelers all laughed when I hit the old man for a job. He did n't even smile.

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“ ‘Button,’ he says, ‘they ride pitchin’ horses at this outfit. You ’re just a kid.’

“ ‘I know,’ I says, ‘but I want to learn.’

“The old man knowed I meant it. I stayed two years. It was him that sold me my first horse. A long-legged bay outlaw with a white snip on his nose. The old man let me have him cheap. And, man! how he could wipe things up. At the end of two years I figured on goin’ home to see the folks. I had a little money saved. I’d been all right I guess, if I’d have kept away from town. I lost the money playin’ stud. I would n’t go home broke. I knew if I went back to the ranch that all the bunch would hurrah me. I’d planned a lot on that trip home—but I headed west again.”

“Women beat me.”

Shorty and I were on day herd together. It was drizzling rain, and Shorty had just lighted a soto to warm his feet.

“I can get along with ’most any kind of man, but a woman is somethin’ I don’t savvy. Yes ma’am and no ma’am is as far as I ever got with any of them. It’s always been that way.

“When I was a kid there was a little girl that

A COW-PUNCHER'S PINCH OF SNUFF

lived a few miles west of us. She an' my sisters used to visit back an' forth. I had plenty to say around my sisters, but I could n't even talk to her. I was about fourteen, I guess, when we all went to a party together. They played kissin' games. I did n't have the nerve to take any part, but I wanted to bad enough. I finally did get up my nerve enough to ask her could I call next Sunday afternoon. I never will forget the thrill I got when she says, 'Yes.'

"Mother guessed what was up when she caught me combin' my hair, but she promised not to tell. If pa had found it out, I never would have heard the last of it from him.

"I rode an old pacin'-horse we owned called Dan. I did n't own a saddle, so I used a gunny-sack instead. The bridle was one of them old things with blinders on. But the pair of California spurs I wore made up for all the other things I lacked. I'd traded with a Mexican for them.

"It was one of them warm June Sunday afternoons. As I jogged old Dan along the road I figured out a hundred different things to say to her. The gunny-sack was gettin' plenty warm by the

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time I got in sight of their house. But when I spied her standin' on the porch I shore did hang them California spurs in pore old Dan. I set him up, in front of her, just like a cuttin' horse. She smiled and spoke when I rode up.

" 'Where 's Buck?' I says.

" 'Oh, he 's gone fishin'," she says, still a-smilin'. She knowed as well as I did that I never had nothin' to do with Buck, him bein' her young brother an' two years younger than me.

"She was pleasant enough an' asked me to get down. The gunny-sack was gettin' awful hot, but I kept a-settin' there on old Dan. I could n't say a word. Every little while, though, I 'd dig old Dan on the off side with the spur, hopin' she 'd think I was ridin' a bad horse. Finally I says:

" 'Well, I guess I 'll be goin' on.'

"She looked sorta surprised, but she smiled and says, 'Good-by.'

"I rode on past their place until I got outa sight of the house. Then I got down and let the gunny-sack cool off a while. I wondered if she 'd still be on the porch when I went back. Shore enough, she was. I hung the spurs in pore old Dan again and set him pacin' down the road towards home.

A COW-PUNCHER'S PINCH OF SNUFF

She waved her hand as I went by the house, an' I waved back."

Shorty laughed as he kicked the blackened soto.

"Just had a hell of a good time."

"From what I've seen, a woman always gets the worst of the deal in this country, though," said Shorty.

"After I left McDougal's outfit I had an awful time gettin' a job. I was such a kid no one seemed to want to take a chance on me. At least not punchin' cows. I rode the chuck line clear across the State before I got another job. I stayed a year this time. The feller's name was Smith that finally put me on. He did n't have much of a spread, and I was the only hand he had. Smith had just been married, an' his wife was awful nice to me. Exceptin' for the fact that he treated me like a kid, I liked Smith, too. His place was ninety miles from town. Sometimes his wife would be alone for days when me and Smith was gone. Smith was good enough to her, and she seemed satisfied at that. There was n't no reason for it, but somehow I could n't help from feelin' sorry for her, just the same.

"I'd been a-workin' there about a month, I

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guess, when Smith sent me to town to get a load of chuck. Smith was ridin' the other way that day, and he pulled out before I got the team hitched up. I had a list of stuff to get that they 'd made out the night before. I was just ready to start when his wife came out. Her face was red as fire. I could n't think of what was up. An' then she asks me, will I get some snuff for her in town.

"I know there's a lot of people use it in the South, but somehow the idea of a woman as nice as she was usin' snuff gives me an awful shock.

"We figured on a three days' trip each way from town. It was dark the night I got back to the ranch. Smith and his wife had just finished eatin' supper when I drove in.

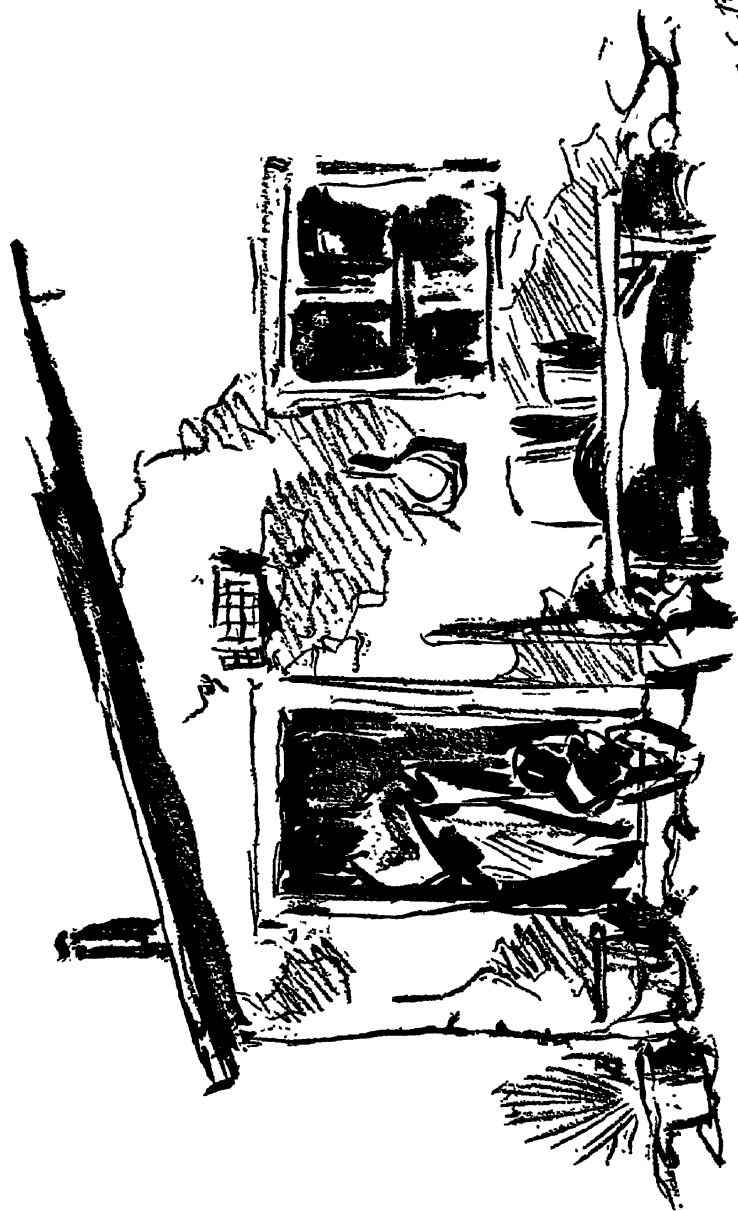
"'Go in an' eat,' says Smith, 'an' I'll unhitch the team.'

"I'd plumb forgot about the snuff until Smith brings it in the house. I never will forget the way he kidded me.

"'Why don't you chew, instead?' says he. 'My God, use anything but snuff!'

"I was gettin' hot under the collar when I happened to notice his wife's face. She was standin' in the kitchen door. Her face was white as chalk;

Red Sea



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with that I opens up a box and takes a dip myself. It made me awful sick. I finally had to go outside an' get the air. But I never did let on.

"From that night on Smith always called me Swede. I always carried a box of snuff in the pocket of my chaps. But I never could learn to like the stuff.

"His wife never did mention that night to me. I never did see her usin' any snuff, either. But once a month, when I went to town for chuck, I always brought back some snuff for her.

"I worked a year for Smith before I finally quit and headed west again. They'd both been awful good to me. The mornin' that I left, Smith hooked the wagon up to take me into town. I had my old long-legged bronc tied on behind. His wife was standing in the door.

" 'Is there anything you want from town?' says Smith. Her face turned white as chalk. She looked straight at him when she spoke. But I could n't hardly hear her voice:

" 'Will—you—bring—me—back—some—snuff—from—town?' she says.

"I looked for Smith to throw a fit. But he just

A COW-PUNCHER'S PINCH OF SNUFF

set there lookin' sort of queer and foolin' with the reins, and then finally he says: 'Sure!'

"Ever since I've left McDougal's place I had it in my head that I'd go home some day. There's never been a Christmas since I left home but what I've sorta planned on goin' back. A dozen times I've had the money saved. But somehow the money always slips away. I would n't go home broke."

Shorty had been in Arizona ever since he left Smith's place. One rainy night in the tepee he showed me a picture of a sister he had never seen.

"She's eighteen now," he said, "an' ever since she's been a little girl, about once a year she writes to me. A fellow took some pictures of me once, when I was breaking horses for the Flyin' H. I sent 'em home to her. An' she writes back how interesting she thought they were. But mother wished that I'd send home some pictures of myself.

"They did n't know me any more."

We were working down out of the pine and the juniper mesas, moving camp every few days. Headquarters was reached in November.

Headquarters was only thirty miles from

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Globe, so the day before we went down to the pens some folks came out from town. Among 'em was the horse-wrangler's mother. Slim was out on the mesa with the ponies when she came. She looked a bit disappointed when she found he was n't there, till Shorty showed her the point where he 'd come off with the remuda. The drive had just come in, and the outfit was branding out. The other folks was right interested, but Slim's mother kept watchin' that spot.

It takes some little time to ease a hundred and fifty ponies off that point. But as soon as they hit the flat, they come on a run for the ranch. She did n't see Slim until he was most there. Then he come bustin' out of the dust to turn two bronses that was headin' down the wash. Slim let out a yell when he spied her. She just stood there and smiled.

Punchers as a rule don't have much to say when women-folks is around. But Slim's mother had white hair. The cook was poison on town folks and Indians, but I heard him tell her he 'd have made a tallow pudding if he 'd a knowed any one was coming.

That night Shorty did n't sit around the fire.

A COW-PUNCHER'S PINCH OF SNUFF

He went off to bed without sayin' a word. I thought he was asleep when I turned in, but as I was fixin' the tarp he up and says: "Slim's mother did n't pay no one any mind but him. When he left, she watched him until he topped out on the mesa."

We went down to the pens in the morning and had just started to load when the passenger pulled up. Everybody hung out of the windows. Among them was Pecos, a kid that had ridden the Rough String the beginning of the work. He was so dolled up we did n't know him until he yelled.

"Where ya goin'?" says Shorty.

"Home," yells Pecos as the train pulls out.

It was sundown before we loaded out. The outfit piled into the two big cars and headed for town. Shorty and I were to take the horses back to the ranch. So we filled up on canned stuff and belly-washed at the little store. It was dark when we pulled out. But by the time we had hit seven mile, the moon had come up, and it was 'most as light as day. I started to auger a couple of times, but all I got was a "yes," or a "no." So we rode to the ranch without talkin'.

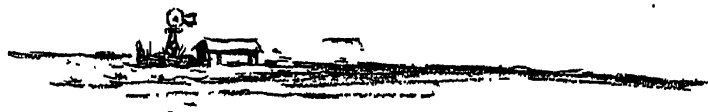
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I unsaddled and turned loose before I noticed Shorty. He was still standin', with his head down, leanin' against his pony. Figurin' his side was hurtin' him again, I went over to unsaddle his horse.

"The old side botherin' again?" I asked.

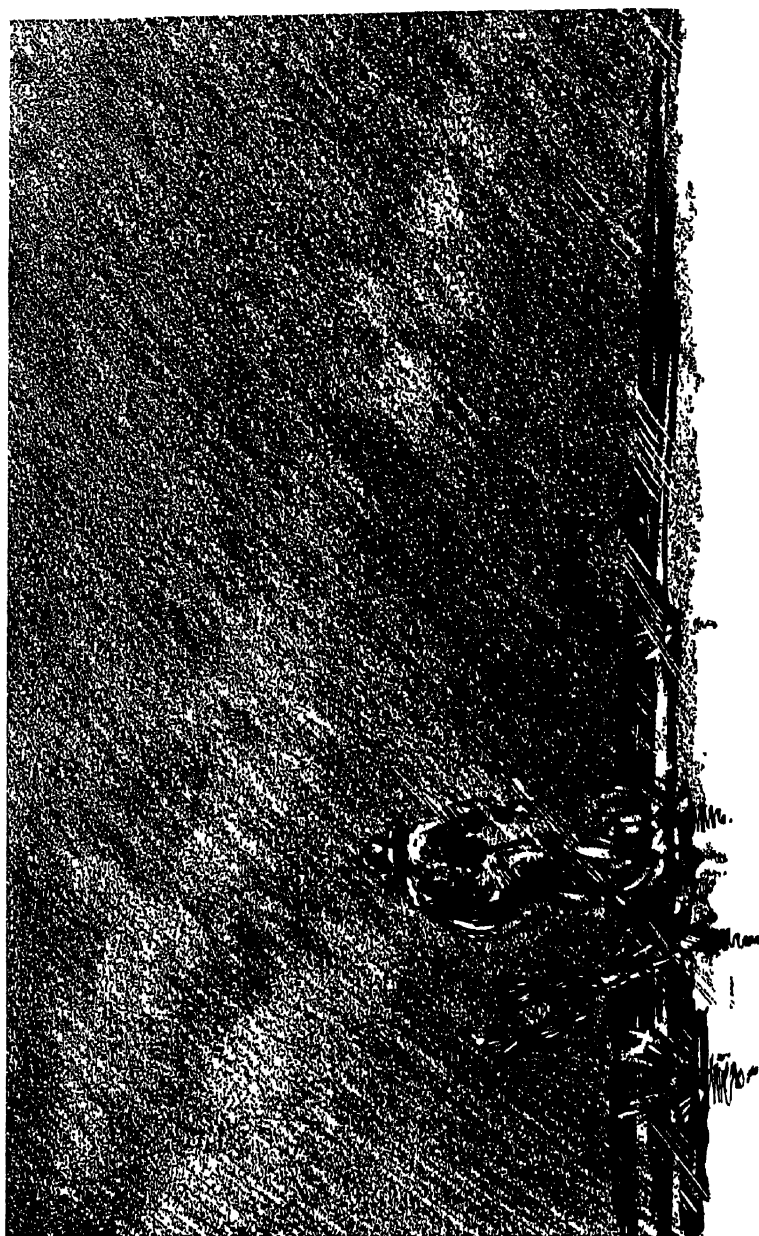
When he raised his head, I saw his face was wet.

"By God," he says, "every one sees his mother but me. I'm goin' home!"



SHORTY BUYS A HAT





SHORTY BUYS A HAT

"I 'M headin' for the wagon-yard to feed my horse," began Shorty, "when this *hombre* speaks to me. He 's standin' in the doorway of a little store below the bank.

" 'Come in out of the rain,' he says, 'an' how 's things lookin' out your way? "

"That 's Brown, I 'll bet a hoss," said Slim.

"Friend of yourn?" asked Shorty.

"Not exactly," said Slim, nearly putting the fire out. "But most every puncher trades with Brown at one time or other. He sold me a pair a boots onc't I could n't get into with a can-opener."

Shorty looked relieved.

"I 'm new in the country," said Shorty, "and since he 's sort of pleasant like, I stops to auger him a while.

" 'Where ya workin' now?' he says.

"When I tell him I 'm fightin' broncs for the Cross S outfit he opens up and names a lot of peelers that I knowed.

" 'They 're friends of mine,' says he, 'an' they

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all trades with me. Come on inside and let me show ya what I got. Don't stand there in the rain.'

" 'I don't want to buy nothin', ' I says.

" 'Of course, you don't,' says he. 'Come on in anyway and make yourself to home, for all the boys hangs out with me when they hit town.'

"He must have showed me several thousand dollars' worth of stuff. An' talkin' all the time about the boys I knowed who trades with him. A dozen times I start to leave, but he keeps draggin' down more stuff, and so I stick around. I'm easin' for the door when he tops me with a big black hat. It's miles too big. The rim's below my ears.

" 'The sheriff bought one yesterday,' he says. 'He's an old cow-man an' buys the best. He always trades with me.'

" 'I don't like a black hat,' says I, 'an' besides, this hat's too big.'

"With that he goes and puts five lamp-wicks in the lid and has his wife come in. She leads me over to a glass and then starts tellin' me how well I look.

"A man of my complexion should n't think of

SHORTY BUYS A HAT

wearin' anything but black. I did n't look so bad at that. Of course, I did n't want the hat, but since he'd been so nice in showin' all the stuff, and his wife bein' sort of pleasant like, I finally buys the lid.

"It's pourin' rain when I leaves town, and the old hat weighs a ton. I ain't any more than started when it's down over both ears, an' by the time I hit seven mile it's leakin' like a sieve. I'm ridin' a bronc that's pretty snuffy, an' every time I raises the lid enough to git a little light, I see him drop one ear. I finally decides to take the lamp-wicks out altogether. I'm tryin' to raise the lid enough to see somethin' besides the saddle-horn when the old bronc bogs his head. I make a grab for leather when he leaves the ground, but I might as well have a gunny-sack tied over my head, for I can't see nothin'. When he comes down the second time I'm way over on one side. When he hits the ground the third jump, I ain't with him. I'm sittin' in the middle of the wash with both hands full of sand. I finally lifts the lid enough to see the old bronc headin' for the ranch. He's wide open an' kickin' at his paunch.

"It's gettin' dark, an' instead of a rain the whole

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sky's leakin' now. I hangs my spurs and chaps upon a bush and hoofs it for the ranch. It's nine miles as near as I can figure out, an' the rain don't help my feelin's none. By the time I've gone a quarter the thought of that dry-goods pirate has me seein' red. I can't even manage to build a cigarette. My boots is full of water, an' when I hangs a foot in a cat-claw and falls for the third time killin's too good for that *hombre* in the store. I'm stumblin' along with that hat down over my eyes when I falls into Oak Creek. By the time I gits across I could have strangled his wife and child. I don't remember much about the last four miles, but when I gits to the ranch-house, I'm talkin' to myself.

"The old bronc's standin' in the middle of the corral as I come polin' in. He's a heap cooler than I am by now. But the sight of that black hat starts him snuffin' again. But I don't blame him much at that, until I takes the saddle off and finds the blankets gone. I builds me up a fire and stirs some chuck together. It helped a lot, but I ain't feelin' none too well, so finally I turns in.

"When I wakes up I'm feelin' fine, but the sight of that black hat soon gits me on the prod.



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Wranglin' afoot don't help any, an' about the fourth time that hat slides down over my eyes I know I'm goin' to town. I slip old cedar in my shirt-front an' stuff a couple of papers in the hat alongside the lamp-wicks. I ain't takin' any chances, so I hangs old bonnet on a post while I let the hammer down on Mr. Bronc. He rags a little when I step across, but I ain't ridin' with my head in any sack this time, an' I gits the snake uncocked an' head for town.

"I'm almost peaceful when the sun comes out, but last night's sign there in the wash still keeps me geed up some. I'm gone about a mile when I finds my navaho a-hangin' in a bush, which helps my feelin's a heap. An' while I'm puttin' on my spurs an' chaps at seven mile, I almost laugh at the way that bronc unloaded me. The sun takes most of the killin' out of my mind, but anyway I head for town. I'll tell that dry-goods pirate what I think an' make him eat that hat, an' as I jog along I figure out my speech.

"He 's in the store alone when I ride up.

" 'Hello,' says he, but I don't pay him any mind.

" 'There 's your old black hat,' says I, a-throwin' the lid down on the counter.

SHORTY BUYS A HAT

“ ‘What ’s the matter with it?’ says he.

“ ‘Ain’t nothin’ the matter, only you sold me a black hat I did n’t want an’ five lamp-wicks an’—”

Shorty raked a coal from the fire and lit his cigarette.

Slim loved a fight.

“What happened?” he said leaning forward.

“I ’ll be doggoned if he did n’t sell me a shirt an’ six pairs of socks before I could get out of the place.”







A NIGHT IN TOWN.



A NIGHT IN TOWN

IT was Shorty's bald-faced horse all right. Slim was sure of that. But who could be riding him? The rider slumped in his saddle and wore no hat. Something white was tied about his head; must be an Indian. But as they came slowly up the wash, Slim saw that he held his hat in his hand. Slim spurred his horse across the wash, and where the trail heads into Bean Belly Flat he waited.

It was Shorty; both eyes were black, his nose was split, and the remnant of a silk shirt hung around his neck like a dicky. As he saw Slim his mouth cracked into a misshapen grin.

He hung his hat on the saddle-horn and rolled a cigarette.

"I've seen a few tenderfeet go bareheaded in the sun," said Slim.

"This hat's too small," says Shorty. "But it weighs a plenty."

A lump the size of a goose-egg extended from

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one eye to the roots of his hair. He touched it gingerly.

"This one's the biggest. But the one over my ear's shore tender."

"Things quiet in town, I s'pose," said Slim, "when a man ain't drinkin'."

"Nary a drop this trip," says Shorty. "I been on the police force."

"Must ha' been a race riot," said Slim. "But I ain't seen the papers lately."

"On the level, Slim, I never had a drink. Ya see there was a carnival in town. I had n't any more 'n landed when I met Bob. He's chief of police now, but we used to work together at the Diamond A's.

"I was huntin' a poker game, but stopped to auger him awhile. Finally he says they was puttin' on a few extra police durin' the carnival. He did n't expect any trouble, but would I help him out?

"Would I? I jumped at the chance. Pretty soft, I figured, seein' all the shows for nothin' and makin' wages besides!

"He goes up to his office and he pins on the

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badge. I did n't want to take the handcuffs, but he says I might need 'em.

"Then he offers me a gun.

"I never savvied an automatic, and besides I was wearin' old cedar in my shirt-front, so I figures one gun enough.

"My Levis was brand-new, but I stopped at the brown front and bought some new pants. After I got into 'em the shirt I was wearin' looked pretty tough, so I slides that dry-goods pirate twelve more pesos for this piece of silk."

Shorty eyed it ruefully.

"He tried to sell me a new hat and a pair of boots. But I was rearin' to look the layout over, so I eased out on the street.

"I took in two movies without payin'. The guinea at the second shows calls me 'mister' plumb respectful, and leads me to a seat. That night at supper I met Dogie Si.

" 'Beats flankin' calves and fightin' broncs,' says I, 'and spoon vittles every meal.' Dogie was plumb jealous.

"The carnival was at the ball-park, half a mile from town. I'd seen all the shows and was sittin'

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through that divin' act for the third time, when here comes a wild-eyed *hombre* yellin' for a cop. I was gonna help him hunt one when he spies my badge. I'd plumb forgot my dooty. But he reminds me in a hurry. A big Mexican was throwin' rocks at a stand full of glassware and crockery. The crowd was enjoyin' it, for that big Mex shore could throw. Every time he throwed somethin' smashed. At every smash that wild-eyed owner'd let out a squall, sort of like a dog a-howlin'.

"'Look here, *hombre*,' I says, 'this ain't no baby-rack! Ya got to cut it out and come with me. Ya can't act that-a-way.'

"'*Si, señor*,' he says in a quiet voice, and come along plump peaceful like. He was n't a bit of trouble.

"We'd walked about a quarter when I rolled a cigarette. I was thinkin' how soft this job was 'longside of punchin' cows, when I struck a light. Then it happened—I was gettin' up on all fours and had old cedar out when it happened again. A mule must have kicked me. About the time my head would clear a little, I'd get it again. Finally the whole remuda run over me and I went to sleep.

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When I woke up the Mexican was gone. I struck a few matches and found old cedar layin' in the dirt. Then I started figurin' it out. There was n't no horse-tracks in the dust. Must have been that *hombre's* hobnailed shoes. His tracks was everywhere. I struck more matches and cut his sign. He 'd gone back toward the park. I was 'most there when I met Bob.

“ ‘What 's the trouble?’ he says.

“ ‘I 'm lookin' for a big Mexican with hobnailed shoes.’

“ ‘Well,’ says Bob, lookin' me over. ‘He ought to be easy to find—if you put up any kind of a fight a-tall.’



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"I did n't look like much. I had old cedar in my hand and shore was on the prod.

" 'Why did n't ya handcuff the bird?' says Bob.

" 'Lucky I did n't. He might have killed me if we 'd been necked together.'

"The big Mex had gone straight back to the ball-park. The glassware was 'most gone when we found him, but he was throwin' rocks again. I itched to bore him through, but Bob says, 'No! Ya can't kill a man for throwin' rocks.'

" 'How come?' says I. 'Look what he done to me.'

"The big Mex acted plumb gentle when we gathered him again. '*Si señor,*' he says in that quiet voice, as we led him down the road.

"About half-way in we caught a ride. The *hombre* sat between us, and everything went fine until Bob struck a match. Then it happens again with Bob on the receivin' end.

"Do somethin'!" he sputters.

" 'Ya can't kill a man for throwin' rocks,' says I.

"Bob's breath was gettin' short. I was n't in shape for no more fightin.' So I lets the Mexican feel the butt of old cedar right where his hair was the thinnest. . . .

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"When we got to town I quit."

Shorty rolled another cigarette.

"That divin' act shore was fine."

"What about the Mexican?" says Slim presently.

"Oh, him?" says Shorty. "He 's still asleep, I reckon."





THE LUNGER





THE LUNGER

THERE'S no denying it. Old Buck Johnson certainly did have a way of his own around stock. Other people's calves was always a-follerin' old Buck home. Some folks went so far as to say that if a man got close enough he could see the rope between the calf's neck an' old Buck's saddle-horn. An' just after I went to work for him old Buck showed me a cow of his that had twin calves.

"Ever see that happen before, Shorty?" says Buck. I had to admit I never had, for one of them calves was at least a month older than the other. Naturally, there was some talk about old Buck through the country, but any stray puncher who happened by Buck's place was always sure of a meal for himself an' a feed of grain for his horse.

Buck's place was over on the river, just off the reservation line. As outfits go, he did n't have much of a spread. Sometimes old Buck put on a

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hand while he was brandin' up, but for the most part he lived alone. It was just a happen-so that I met up with Buck. I'd rode the chuck line clear across the State. It was my first summer in Arizona, an' I was such a kid that no one seemed to want to take a chance with me till I met Buck. My horse was plumb give out the night I happened by his place. I was headin' over towards the Flyin' V. I'd always worked on the flats in New Mexico, and this mountain country bothered me a heap. I was ridin' an' old long-legged bronc, an' he was just about to quit. I figured on easin' him up one more long ridge before I pulled the saddle off. It made me rub my eyes at first, for just as we topped out I saw a little cabin standin' in the clear. The chimney was a-smokin', an' the little patch of garden made me wonder if I was n't seein' things. Then Buck come out an' asked me to get down.

I worked for Buck for 'most two months until he got his calves all branded up. An' Buck was awful good to me. We usually rode together unless Buck's leg was hurtin' him, an' then I rode alone. For he was pretty badly crippled up. He was well over sixty, an' his hair was white as snow.

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It seems that Buck had done most everything from breakin' horses to dealin' cards. He'd been a ranger before the territory was a State, and then again I heard him mention somethin' that come up when he was tendin' bar. From his talk I gathered old Buck must be a Texan, but in any of his yarns he never did go back that far. The nearest he ever came to that was one night in the cabin, when I was readin' out loud to him. A nester kid had left a paper when he passed the ranch that day. The paper was all of two weeks old, but it was just before election, an' old Buck was all het up about the news. I was readin' a copy of the governor's



Rosa Santos

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speech. From the way old Buck kept sniffin' I 'lowed he was n't exactly in sympathy with the governor's politics. But he never did say nothin' until I got down to where the governor in the course of his remarks opined that he had landed in the State, afoot, some forty years ago.

"That 's nothin' to brag about," says Buck. "I was afoot myself when I first landed here." An' then old Buck told me that the sheriff had killed his horse just before he crossed the Arizona line.

Buck never did have much to say when we was ridin' together. He did most of his talkin' at night. Sometimes he 'd go for days an' never say a word, an' then again he 'd open up an' talk to me just like he 'd knowed me all his life. Buck always got breakfast while I was wranglin' horses in the mornin', as we usually left the ranch by sun-up. For old Buck liked to get back to camp by the middle of the evenin' an' work in his garden for a spell. He had a few head of bronses that I was breakin', an' every evenin' when we got back to camp I always fooled with one of them a while. There was n't none of them any trouble to speak of, except one bronc he called the Shinnery Boar. He had a way of fallin' over backwards, an' a dozen

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different times he come within an ace of catchin' me. Old Buck had told me several times he thought I 'd better turn the critter out, but I kept thinkin' maybe the horse would give it up. On this particular evenin' old Buck had dropped his hoe an' come to watch the fun. The Shinnery Boar was actin' worse than common, an' after he 'd buried the saddle-horn in the middle of the corral for the third time old Buck told me to take my saddle off.

"Did it ever occur to you," says Buck, "just what might happen if you was in the saddle when he hit the ground?"

I told old Buck I had a pretty good idea, but I was n't figurin' none on gettin' caught. Old Buck says somethin' about "lack of imagination" and hobbles off towards the cabin to see how the frijoles was a-cookin'. It made me hot under the collar, but I did n't say nothin' until we 'd got the dishes washed that night. An' then I up an' told Old Buck I 'd never seen a horse that I was 'fraid of yet—an' asked him what he meant by the imagination stuff.

"Nobody," says old Buck a-loadin' his pipe an'

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hitchin' his bum leg over a pack-saddle, "admires a game man more than I do. An' just why one man will have more courage than another is somethin' I never could savvy. Of course, there's a lot in gettin' used to anything. But I never did know a bronco-fighter yet that ever had any imagination. If he had any he did n't break horses very long. It's probably just as well they don't, for most of us would have to work our stock afoot. Sometimes a man will up and pull a thing that he'd be scared to death to try a second time. Maybe it's his liver that affects his nerve, but mostly it's his imagination. An' then again it may be somethin' else. I knowed a feller once that sure did have me fooled. I thought he was the gamest guy I'd ever seen. Ben Wilson was his name, but everybody called him Kid, and he come from some place back in Illinoy. The Kid was a deputy sheriff when I met him, an' he'd been in Arizona 'most a year. I'd been workin' for an outfit up on Tonto, and we'd come to town to ship. It was when they built the big smelter on the hill, an' everything was wide open then. The night our outfit got to town some Mexican killed a deputy named Hicks. We had n't any more than

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landed when I met old Bob, the sheriff, comin' down the street. Me and Bob had rode together years ago, an' old Bob asked me if I would help him out. They had the Mexican in jail, but the whole town was in an uproar and the place was full of punchers fillin' up, and they all was makin' threats. Bob was afraid some fool would set the fireworks off an' they'd try an' lynch the spick. It seems the Kid had took him by himself an' then stood off the crowd alone until he got the Mexican behind the bars.

"None of us slept any to speak of that night, but by mornin' the crowd had cooled off an' decided to let the law take its course. That was when I fust noticed the Kid. He was n't much to look at. He was of medium height an' awful thin, an' every little while he coughed. He was n't the sort of person you'd look at twice until you saw his eyes. They was n't any color to speak of, but they bothered me a heap. Did ya ever see a dog when it's been hurt? Well, that's the way the Kid affected me. I got to know him awful well—at least, I thought I did—for they put me on in Hicks's place. There used to be a bench in front of the

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sheriff's office, an' the Kid spent nearly all his time a-settin' in the sun. As the months went by he put on weight, an' I scarcely ever heard him cough. Whenever they sent us out to get a man the Kid was always first to leave, an' it used to make my blood run cold to see the chances that he took. I used to try to tell him not to risk his neck that way.

"'Oh, that's all right,' the Kid would say, and sort of smile, an' then I'd get that look of his—just like a dog, when it's been hurt.

"I'd been a deputy for 'most a year, I guess, an' this night me an' Bob was just about to take a drink down at the old St. Elmo Bar, when all of a sudden we heard a shot—an' then two more. It seems a Mexican was runnin' wild in a pool-room further down the street. He had the place to himself when we got there, an' the biggest part of the street in front of the joint, for he was shootin' at everything that moved outside. A big crowd was a-gatherin', but they all kept 'way back in the clear. Me an' Bob was figurin' on how to gather the gentleman without committin' suicide, when here comes the Kid all out of breath. 'You all stay here,' the Kid says, 'an' I'll take him in myself.'

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“ ‘Not on your life,’ says Bob; ‘he ’ll kill ya before ya ever get ten feet.’

“ ‘Oh, that ’s all right,’ the Kid says. An’ then I got that look again.

“Before we got a chance to pull him back the Kid had slipped away. The next thing I knowed he was standin’ all alone out in the street, a-facin’ towards the pool-room door. The Kid was clear across the street from the pool-room, an’ as he started walkin’ towards the door the Mexican took a shot at him. But it went wild. The Kid was walkin’ awful slow. It seemed an age to me. You could have heard a pin drop in the crowd as the Kid walked towards that door. He walked the distance clear across the street an’ never made a move to pull his gun. As he reached the door the Mexican shot again. I thought the Kid was done. But he kept walkin’ straight ahead. He walked so slow it did n’t seem to me he hardly even moved. Me and old Bob was up to the window by now, but before we got a chance to shoot I saw the Kid put out his hand. An’ in that quiet voice of his he asked the *hombre* for his gun. I never saw the like before, for the Mexican hands it over to the Kid—and then collapsed. I was weak as a

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kitten myself, but, man!—you should have heard that crowd.

“It’s not more than a week after the Kid pulls that stunt that I’m settin’ out on the bench in front of the office in the sun. I’d just filled my pipe when the Kid comes up the street.

“The Kid sets down on the bench without sayin’ a word an’ starts to roll a cigarette. His hands was shakin’, so he finally give it up. I could n’t imagine what was wrong, he’s so upset. An’ then he asks me if I knowed the reason why he come out here. I said I’d knowed that all along his lungs was bad. The Kid nodded, an’ then he says the doctor back in Illinoy had just give him a year to live when he left home.

“‘What the hell does he know!’ says I. ‘Ain’t ya been here nearly two years now?’

“‘Well,’ says the Kid, a-tryin’ to roll another cigarette an’ spillin’ tobacco all over himself, ‘I’ve been to see a doc just now. He looked me over awful close an’ he tells me my lungs is all healed up an’ I’m all right.’ An’ I’ll be damned if the Kid don’t break down an’ cry.

“‘It’s an hour later, an’ the Kid an’ me is still a-settin’ on the bench. I had my arm around the

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Kid when Bob come out of the door. Bob says he wants some *hombre* that had just cut up a Chink down in the lower end of the town.

“ ‘There ’s no use of both of you goin’, for he ’s not bad,’ says Bob. An’ then he tells the Kid that he can go. It sort of took my breath away, an’ still I could n’t help but laugh to see Bob’s face, for the Kid he up and hands Bob back his badge an’ says he ’s through—that he ’s not takin’ chances any more.”





LION LORE





LION LORE

GRANDMA HARROD always called them painters. I have always had a vivid recollection of the stories she told us when I was a small boy in Iowa. Grandma Harrod lived next door, and my youngest sister and I always stayed with her while the rest of the family were at church.

It was on these long winter evenings that she told us stories of her girlhood in Kentucky. Stories of bear fights and of painters that screamed like a woman in the woods at night. How the painter lay along the branch of a tree overhanging some lonely mountain trail and waited for the unsuspecting traveler to pass by. And how the painter sometimes followed the settlers to their very door.

She herself had once been followed by a painter. With her brother she had been working in a sugar-camp nearly a mile from the cabin where they lived. It was dark before they started home. They had only gone a little way through the woods

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when they heard the painter scream. Her brother had no weapon save the ax he carried, and the two had fled in terror. Once Grandma had fallen and as her brother helped her up they heard the painter scream again, this time much closer than before. Stumbling over fallen logs, they finally reached the cabin door just as the animal screamed again at the edge of the clearing where the little cabin stood.

This story always left me very weak, and although I heard it many times it was always a great relief to me when they reached the cabin door. For the story as Grandma told it lost nothing in the telling. Grandma Harrod was dramatic to say the least.

Having an illusion broken to me has always been very disconcerting. But years later when I was punching cows in Arizona I found that the painter is one of the most cowardly animals known.

There is probably no other animal that is known by as many different names. It is sometimes called the puma or cougar. The old-timer usually speaks of it as panther or painter.

But in Arizona it is simply called lion. I was always thankful the punchers did n't call them

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painters, for somehow the word "lion" has always sounded much safer to me. Even to this day the word "painter" always gives me a slight chill and sometimes causes weakness.

"To squall like a panther" is a common saying among cow-punchers in Arizona. And during one round-up I worked with a puncher who was known as Panther. He was one of the mildest-mannered men I have ever known, but whenever he yelled, when we were on the drive, he could easily be heard for half a mile.

The lion is found in the rough brushy country, and like all wild animals the lion has habits peculiar to itself. It is knowing these habits and understanding the nature of the animal that make the successful hunter. The lion hunts mostly at night. During the day he lays up, either on some ledge of rock or on some high brushy rim.

Unless he happens to be hunting, the lion, like the loafer wolf, always follows the same ridges and crosses through the same saddles when he travels through the country.

After one lion is killed the rest will often leave the country. They may be gone for months. But

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whenever they return they always follow the same old ridges and make their crossings through the same saddles.

The lion is particularly fond of horse and goat meat. He will seldom kill a calf if there is a colt or goat in the country. The loafer wolf always hamstring his quarry and eats on the flank, but the lion breaks the animal's neck and cuts the jugular vein and usually makes his first meal from the brisket.

After the lion has made his kill and has eaten what he wants he always covers the carcass, usually with sticks and leaves. If the lion has a kill in the country he will usually be found hiding not far away. For unless he is frightened away the lion always stays near-by until the kill is eaten.

The lion will eat nothing that is spoiled or tainted. He will remove the entrails of a rabbit as cleanly as a butcher before he eats it.

The success of a lion-hunt depends upon the dogs, and of course this brings it back to the hunter who has trained them, for an untrained dog is useless on a lion-hunt. A good lion dog will never open on any other trail. But good lion dogs are

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very scarce, and it takes a hunter several years to train one.

Cleve Miller once told me that a man's lifetime was just long enough to break one mule and train one pack of lion dogs. Cleve has one of the finest packs of hounds in the Southwest, and during the month of February, 1923, he killed fifteen lions with his pack of dogs.

George England, another friend of mine, has hunted for years with two old spotted hounds he calls Old Rattler and Rusty.

Unlike most lion hunters, old George will let his dogs run anything. There is evidently some sort of understanding between old George and his dogs. For old George can always tell just what his dogs are trailing.

Old George has hunted on the Cross S range for years, and whenever he stays at the horse-camp his dogs often follow Bill Teal. One day when Bill was out hunting horses the dogs opened on a hot trail not over a mile from the camp, and the dogs were soon out of hearing. Bill cares nothing about hunting, and as soon as he found the horse he was looking for he went on back to the camp.

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"Where are the dogs?" was the first thing old George asked when Bill rode up. Bill told him they were running something, but he did n't know what it was.

"How were they running?" asked old George.

"They was runnin' neck and neck when they passed me," said Bill.

"That's a lion," said old George, and without another word he saddled up a horse and went to hunt his dogs. Bill said he figured that was taking quite a bit for granted, considering the country was full of different kinds of varmints. But in an hour old George came riding in with Old Rattler and Rusty at his heels, with a huge lion-skin tied behind him on the saddle.

The Cross S outfit always paid old George a bounty of fifty dollars for each lion and loafer that he caught. And the biggest year's catch George ever made while I was with the outfit was twelve lions and nine loafer wolves. Like most old lion hunters old George's dogs came first, and he was often more considerate of his dogs than of his friends.

The first time I ever saw old George the outfit was camped at Tanks Cañon on the upper Cross S

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range. And it was just at sundown that old George came into camp with Old Rattler and Rusty at his heels.

The outfit had no night-hawk at the time, and each puncher stood horse-guard for two hours during the night. My guard was from two until four in the morning. Ordinarily I slept soundly until the puncher I relieved came and woke me up. But this night the dogs kept every one awake, for they barked each time the guard came in. Occasionally they were quiet for a spell, but in a little while they both broke out again.

Next morning I supposed of course that George would make some sort of an apology for his dogs, for they had kept the camp awake most of the night. But instead of an apology old George turned in and cussed us well for keeping Old Rattler and Rusty awake.

When I asked old George if he had ever heard a panther scream, George said he didn't know. But George said he guessed they screamed all right, for folks all said they did. Cleve Miller said he never heard a panther squall, and Cleve has been a cow-puncher and a lion-hunter all his life.

M. E. Musgrave, another friend of mine, said

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yes. Musgrave is in charge of all the government hunters in the State, and he has spent his lifetime in the hills. And Musgrave says that once a person hears one scream he will not forget it till he dies.

The only incident I ever heard of any one ever being chased by a lion in Arizona was told me by Fritz Wolf, a rancher over on Stanley Butte. Wolf's outfit was working on the San Pedro at the time.

"It was nearly dark," said Fritz, "when the horse-wrangler went out to throw the horses together so they would n't scatter in the night. The wrangler was nothing but a kid, and he came into camp a little later scared to death and pretty much skinned up. The kid said he had been chased by a lion and his horse had bucked him off. We all had a good laugh, for the kid was pretty spooky anyhow, and we knew that he was trying to alibi himself for gettin' throwed.

"The kid stayed with his story, and so next morning we went out to see if we could find any lion-tracks. The kid had told the truth all right. We found the lion-tracks, and we could see where

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he'd run the horses for most a hundred yards. But whether the lion was chasin' the horses or the kid, was somethin' we could n't figure out."

Roping a lion is not a common thing, but it is sometimes done around a cow outfit.

A puncher over near Wilcox was range-branding when he happened into a lion that had just left its kill.

"I was n't packin' no gun," said the puncher. "But the country was pretty open, so I built me a loop and charged. The lion was too full to put on much speed so I did n't have no trouble gettin' a throw. But the lion run through my loop. An' instead of ketchin' her around the neck the loop drawed up around her belly. Everything begin to happen then, for the minute the loop drawed up my pony went to buckin'. I was in a helluva fix for a while, with a horse an' lion both buckin' on the ends of a thirty-five-foot rope.

"I finally managed to take up a little slack. An' when I did I pitched the rope up over the limb of a tree and drawed the lion up off the ground. I finally got my pony quiet enough to git off an' tie him, and as soon I got the pony anchored I killed the lion with rocks."



LION LORE

Oscar Cline, a puncher I know from Tonto Basin, once roped and tied a lion.

"We was fixin' fence," said Oscar, "when we found a lion kill. The kill was only a few hours old, so I went back to the ranch an' got the dogs. An' it was n't no time at all until we jumped three lion kittens. The dogs killed one but we took the other two alive. We was just a-thinkin' we'd lost the old one when she run out across a little flat.

"We had trouble in gettin' our horses close to her, but as I went by I managed to make a lucky throw and caught her round the neck. She choked right down, so I got off my horse and tied her with my piggin string.

"We figured we'd take her in alive, so we left the old man to watch her while me an' my brother went back to the ranch to rig up some outfit. We never got to take her in alive, though, for we was n't any more than out of sight when she come alive an' started chewin' on the piggin string. This was too much for the old man. He did n't think much of the idea anyhow, so he knocked her in the head."

Bull Moore and another Double Circle puncher

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once ran a lion into a cave. The cave was in a ledge of rock about six feet off the ground. The punchers finally decided to smoke the lion out, so Bull crawled back into the entrance and built a fire.

"The cave was pretty narrow," said the puncher, "and Bull had to crawl in on his belly. I was watchin' the entrance when I heard a riot inside.

"I thought for a minute Bull had gone crazy and had tried to ride the lion out, for they shot out of the cave together with Bull holdin' the lion round the belly with both arms.

"Bull lost his holt when they hit the ground together. But aside from bein' knocked out by the fall Bull was n't hurt. After Bull come to he said he did n't remember nothin' about takin' holt of no lion. But Bull said he was so scared when she run over him he guessed that's what he 'd done."

The experience had evidently not cooled Bull's sporting blood, for Cleve Miller and I met him once when we were in a bear-hunt. Cleve and I had stopped to rest the dogs and let our horses blow, when Bull drove up in a flivver. Bull had evidently had several drinks, for he apologized for his empty bottle.

"Too bad I ain't got any more," said Bull.

LION LORE

“With one more drink I’d like to get a-holt of some bear’s tail an’ whoop him right on down the road.”

I have never forgotten my own misgivings when I went on my first lion-hunt. Aside from the stories Grandma had told me when I was a small boy, I knew nothing of the nature of a lion. I went prepared for the worst. Aside from the 30-40 rifle that I carried, I took a long-barrel six-shooter. The ammunition that I carried made it hard for me to mount a horse. I said nothing to Swede about my misgivings at the time, for Swede Larsen is a government hunter, and hunting lion to him is simply a part of the day’s work.

Swede was camped on the upper Cross S range about sixty miles from Globe. The Government has many hunters in the State, and each has his own particular range. The hunters work on a straight salary furnished by the Government. And there is no bounty paid. Some hunters work on wolves and coyotes, using nothing but traps.

But Swede hunted with dogs. The bear are seldom molested unless they are found to be killing stock. But the lion and the loafer wolf have

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always been the foes of the cow-men, and of all the predatory animals that prey on live stock the lion and the loafer wolf are the most destructive.

Swede's dogs were all young, for his old lead dog had died shortly before he made the trip. There were three hounds and two wire-haired fox-terriers in the pack, and along with these we borrowed Old Rattler and Rusty from George England.

The wire-haired terriers, Stub and Sue, were only pups, but they ran with the other dogs and barked whenever the hounds opened. Of the other three hounds it was Jiggs who interested me most.

Swede never let his dogs run anything except lion and an occasional bear, and he always kept Jiggs at his heels, for Jiggs would run anything from a lizard to a cow. The lion is always found in country where deer are plentiful. And running deer was Jiggs's favorite pastime. Jiggs was whipped on an average of twice a day for running deer, but he never seemed to mind it.

One application of the rope was usually enough for the other hounds, but Jiggs seemed to feel the game was worth it, for the moment Swede finished

LION LORE

with the rope and turned him loose Jiggs always barked and wagged his tail, just as if he'd enjoyed it. Jiggs was the fastest dog in the pack, but Swede never turned him loose unless the trail was hot. Then Jiggs would leave, as Swede said, "with a jar." On one lion that Jiggs treed he outran the other dogs so far that he was half-way up in the tree with the lion before the other dogs arrived.

Swede and I rode mules when we followed the dogs. We left camp long before daylight. During the dry season the dogs can work only for a few hours after the sun gets hot, but Swede and I were usually so far from camp by sun-up that it took us the rest of the day to get back.



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The first morning we were out the dogs opened not over two hundreds yards from camp. It was too dark to see what they were trailing, but Swede thought it was a lion from the way they barked, until he finally dismounted and found a huge bear track.

It was too late to cut off the dogs, for the trail was hot, so we spurred our mules and tried to keep in hearing of the hounds. While we whipped and spurred, Swede cursed his dogs for running bear.

But visions of a bear-fight at early dawn were the things I thought about. Stories that Grandma told me years ago went flashing through my mind. My illusions were gradually dispelled, however, for we never could approach the bear. We whipped and spurred for all of fifteen miles, and never once did we catch sight of him.

One after another the young dogs gave out and quit, but Old Rattler and Rusty kept on. Twice Old Rattler barked treed, and Swede and I both cursed him well, for the moment we rode up he went bawling on down the cañon again. It was nearly noon before he finally quit.

Afterward old George told me that this was the

LION LORE



way Old Rattler always did. George often followed his dogs afoot, and whenever he got behind, Old Rattler barked treed and waited till old George caught up.

The country was full of bear, and there was scarcely a day but what we had a race. Sometimes Swede managed to cut off the dogs. But more often we ran the bear until the dogs gave out. Swede and I hunted for a week before we found any lion sign.

Then one morning as we were riding the rim of Black River, Swede showed me a lion "scratch." The scratch was in the pine-needles just underneath the rim. And it was much the same as a dog might make. Swede said the lion's trail was hours

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old, for it was only on the brushy side of the ridge that the dogs could take it at all.

For an hour we sat on our mules and listened to the dogs as they worked the trail slowly on down the rocky ridge. Stub and Sue ran back and forth not quite knowing what it was all about.

Twice in his excitement, Stub tried to whip Old Rattler. But Old Rattler simply shook him off and went on with his business of cold trailing. Swede had just dismounted, as he said, "to rest his saddle," when we noticed the new note in Old Rattler's voice.

The next moment the hounds all opened in chorus, and the whole pack left in full cry down the ridge. "He's jumped," said Swede as he swung up on his mule. And we headed on the dead run down the ridge. Swede lost his hat, and the biggest part of my flannel shirt was left hanging on the brush. For a mile we followed. Suddenly Swede pulled up his mule and listened. "He's treed," said Swede. The bawling of the hounds had suddenly changed to a chorus of short sharp barks.

The lion was treed in a scrub-oak about half-way

LION LORE

down the side of the rocky ridge. The moment we came in sight of him he jumped out of the tree, with the pack in full cry at his heels again. But the lion only ran about two hundred yards before the dogs put him up another tree. This time the lion never moved when we rode up.

The actual killing of a lion is the poorest sport of all the hunt, for the lion never stands at bay and fights. And I have never heard of a lion charging a hunter. It is true the lion sometimes kills a dog or two if he happens only to be wounded, but the lion will not even face the dogs unless he is wounded or is in a corner. And the barking of the smallest dog is often enough to put an eight-foot lion up the nearest tree. Swede simply shot the lion through the neck, and it was quite dead by the time it fell among the dogs.

"Good lion dogs is mighty scarce," says Swede, "and I don't want my dogs tore up."

A month later, as we were coming in to mail Swede's reports, a party of tourists stopped us down by Cassadora Springs and asked the way to White River. When one of the women noticed the three lion-skins in the back of our flivver she grew very much excited. Nothing that Swede said

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could reassure her. She insisted that it was only modesty on Swede's part that made him talk the way he did; she was sure that hunting lion must be very dangerous.

As we drove on down the road Swede shook his head and laughed.

"It's no use," said Swede. "For you never can convince no one that the sport in lion hunting is all in listening to the dogs an' tryin' to keep in hearing when they run; they all insist it's dangerous."



THE ROUGH STRING





THE ROUGH STRING

“**I** LIKE ’em,” said the Pecos Kid, “for an outlaw horse is usually gamer than a gentle one. I’ve rode the rough string an’ been a-snappin’ broncs since I was old enough to make a hand. An’ a outlaw has always interested me a heap more than a gentle horse. For when you find a outlaw horse that ’s really game he ’s just about the gamest thing I know.”

Every cow outfit of any size has its rough string. And to me the horses that make up the rough string and the peeler who rides them are one of the most interesting things about a cow outfit. For the rough string is made up of broncs and old outlaw horses that the average cow-puncher can’t ride. The peeler who rides them usually draws a few dollars a month more than a regular puncher. Often for the trifling sum of ten dollars extra he rides these wild devils and does the work of a regular hand. It is more of a matter of pride than anything else with a peeler. The Pecos Kid rode the rough string at the Bar F Bar for years without any

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extra pay. For the wilder they came the more they interested Pecos. The best riders always draw the worst horses. And I never saw the Pecos Kid on a gentle horse in my life.

"Mebbe I've given the horse the worst of it," said Pecos. "But horses is a heap like humans anyway. For every one of them is different. But whenever you see an outlaw horse, nine cases out of ten you can trace it back to the ignorance or cruelty of some cow-puncher. Pebbles was that way. He's been in the rough string ever since, an' he's one of the best horses I ever rode."

"The boys tell me the peeler that broke him in was what you'd call a ridin' fool. Fact is, he rode too well. This peeler was sparkin' some nester gal that lived down the road a ways, an' every evenin' he'd ride down there an' give his gal a show. They said that Pebbles never even humped his back until this peeler gigged him with the spurs and made him buck. But it was n't any time at all before he got so he could wipe things up."

"There's plenty of peelers who can ride the horse an' scratch him every jump he makes. An' Pebbles knows it, too. But he's throwed more men than any other horse this outfit ever had."

THE ROUGH STRING

Most outlaw horses will break into when you first top 'em off. But Pebbles seldom does. For he knows as well as any one that the peeler settin' on his back can ride or he would n't be up there. But Pebbles is always watchin' for his chance to catch the peeler off his guard, or the first time any little thing goes wrong. Pebbles is almost sure to get his man.

"An' when the dust clears up, the peeler is usually sittin' on the ground with both hands full of dirt.

"A kid named Jones was ridin' Pebbles when I first went to workin' here. They had two rough strings out that fall. Jones rode the horse for 'most two weeks, an' Pebbles never did a thing. An' Jones began to think the boys was spoofin' him about the horse. But Pebbles was just waitin' for his chance, an' when he got this Jones he certainly got him right.

"Me an' Shorty was at the hold-up the morning it happened. Just sittin' on our horses a-augerin' about nothin' in particular while we waited for the drive to come in. The country was awful rough an' brushy up in there. An' from where we was in the cañon we could n't see a thing. But all at

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once we heard the rocks a-rollin'. I thought at first it was a steer or some one comin' off the hill.

"'It's Pebbles,' says Shorty, 'a-buckin' with that Kid.' "An' as we listened we could hear old Pebbles hit. For each jump he took as he came off the hill, he started a different bunch of rocks to rollin'.

"We had started down the cañon to see if the Kid was hurt when Pebbles come a-bustin' out at us without any saddle or bridle on. But Shorty roped the horse as he went by.

"The Kid was unconscious when we found him. I thought at first he must be dead. But he was still sittin' in the saddle, upside down, and blamed if he did n't have his feet in both his stirrups.

"I filled my hat with water at a little spring not far away, an' it was n't but a little while until the Kid come to an' said he could ride in back to camp. We traded horses all around. For Shorty was the only one of us who was ridin' a gentle horse, an' he staked the Kid to it.

"The Kid was still wabby on his pins, an' both his eyes had closed by the time I got him back to camp. Me an' the cook went all over him to see if anything was broke. For we was sixty miles

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from town. There was n't nothin' busted as far as we could see. But I held him while the cook painted his face an' arms with iodine. For they looked just like raw beef. That iodine sort of brought him out of it. For before I went back to the hold-up he set up an' talked a bit.

"The Kid said he had tried to head a steer. But as he went to dodge some brush his saddle turned a little bit. That was when Peb-



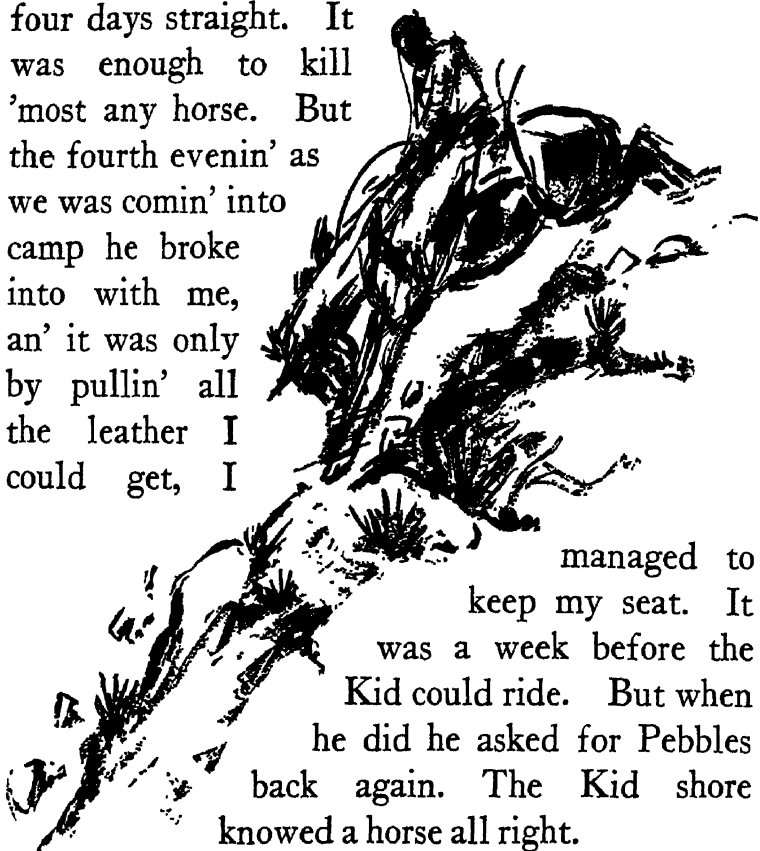
bles saw his chance an' turned right off the hill with him.

"Not many horses could keep their feet a-buckin' off a place like that. Jones said he looked each jump that Pebbles made to see him fall. But Pebbles reached the bottom of the hill all right before he spilled the pack.

"Next day they gave the horse to me, an' the boss told me to set the hair on him. I rode him

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four days straight. It was enough to kill 'most any horse. But the fourth evenin' as we was comin' into camp he broke into with me, an' it was only by pullin' all the leather I could get, I



managed to keep my seat. It was a week before the Kid could ride. But when he did he asked for Pebbles back again. The Kid shore knowed a horse all right.

"They gave me Pebbles when Jones finally quit. An I've had him in my string ever since. He's never got me yet. An' what's more he never will unless he catches me asleep. An' he's some horse. For he can do more work than any other four I've got.

THE ROUGH STRING

"Bald Hornet was in the rough string when I first went to workin' here. But I whipped it out of him. For he's not game. An' he always quits just like a dog with anybody that can ride. For a horse always tells if a man has any fear of him. You may fool the men you're workin' with. But you'll never fool a horse.

"It was the way Bald Hornet had of pitchin' that got the boys afraid of him. He'd make two or three jumps an' then he'd rear, just like he was goin' over backwards. An' the minute the puncher loosened up his hold so he could get clear of him, bingo! Bald Hornet would go right back to pitchin', an' throw his man while he was still loose on him. He got me twice that way before I finally got it through my head that Bald Hornet never had no idea of goin' over backwards.

"Next time I stepped aboard him I took a heavy quirt. He made about three jumps with me, an' then he reared, just like he was goin' over backwards. But this time I did n't loosen up, an' when he hit the ground again I was all set for him. An' it was n't long before he quit, for he did n't like that quirt. Since then he's never even tried to pitch with me. But every time they give the horse

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some new man Bald Hornet always tries him out to see if he can ride. An' if he can Bald Hornet never bucks with him again.

"There never was no reason for Old Hooker bein' in the rough string, for he was just nervous an' high-strung. It was very seldom that he ever pitched. But any time he got excited he'd rear an' throw himself right over backwards. He was one of them kind of horses that only one man should ride. For if you was quiet an' easy with him he'd never do a thing. An', man! how he could run! You could ketch a cow on him 'most any place. I figured I'd like to keep the horse myself. An' I never said a word. But when the boss saw how he'd gentled down, he took the horse himself. An' Old Hooker is the top horse of this remuda now.

"Happy Jack is one of them horses there's no accountin' for. For Happy was a gentle horse for years. The boys tell me he pitched a little when he was just a colt, but not enough to talk about. An' then he went along for several years an' never even humped his back. He was one of the gentlest horses this outfit ever owned. But one day for no apparent reason he bucked a puncher off.



Rosa Sauter

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The boys all thought it was funny at the time, an' they give this guy the laugh. But from that day on he's always pitched, an' I'll say that he knows how. He's gentle an' kind to handle, an' a man can crawl all under him. But any time you get on his back you'd better be set for a ride. I've tried in every way I know to take it out of him. But it's no use. An' Happy Jack is game all right, for when you use the quirt on him it only makes him worse.

"There's lots of good horses that I know would be in the rough string if it was n't for the man who handled them. There's what you'd call a one-man horse. Take Asia, that Bill Griggs rides. He bucks with anybody that gits on his back 'cept Bill. An Asia has never even humped his back with him.

"An' then there's Shimmie that belongs to Swede. I think he's the worst I ever saw, for he won't let nobody even touch his nose 'cept Swede, an' Swede can do most anything with him.

"About the gamest horse I ever rode was one they gave me at the Diamond D's. An' he was about the sorriest one for looks I ever saw. I was just a button at the time, an' when I rode in there one

THE ROUGH STRING

night an' hit 'em for a job a-peelin' bronses the boss just laughed at me. It made me sore as hell. An' I told him if he did n't think that I could ride, to trot one of his rough ones out. An' if I could n't ride him I'd go on down the road that night. That sort of interested him, an' he told me to come on inside an' eat, an' if I thought I could handle the rough string he'd stake me to a job.

"Next morning they led old Sontag out. I had some trouble a-gettin' my wood on him. For he was the outfightin'est horse I've ever seen. He tried to use his teeth an' strike with those front feet of his. But I finally got his foot tied up an' got my tree laced on.

"When they turned him loose he broke into an' went sky-high with me. I think he was the hardest buckin' horse I ever rode. He had me pullin' leather on the second jump. But by pullin' everything in sight I managed to keep my seat. And, say! when that horse finally quit I was about the worst done-up kid you ever saw, for I was limber as a rag. But I'd won myself a job. But if that horse had taken one more jump I know they'd have had to pick me up.

"The rest of the rough string was made up of

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brons. The feed was short that spring, an' so old Sontag come in for most of the hard ridin'. An' what a horse he was! For he could do the work of any other six I had. But he never did quit pitching. It made no difference if I rode him two days straight. He always broke into with me when I topped him off next morning. An' like as not he'd kick at me when I got off that night. But the more I seen of him the more I liked the horse, an' I finally got so I could ride him when he bucked without a-pullin' leather.

"I worked there till the outfit shipped their second bunch of steers. That was along in June. An' then I quit. For I was quite a rambler in them days, an' I never stayed long in one place.

"The night before I left I made a trade, an' the boys all hurrahed me. But next mornin' when I pulled my freight I had old Sontag under me. An' a lucky thing I did. For that horse I traded for Sontag, for all his looks, was an awful yellow pup.

"I'd always worked in the mountains, an' desert country was all new to me, but it interested me a heap. I was n't goin' no place in particular, just driftin', but the third night out I camped on the edge of the desert with an old prospector. He

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knowed the desert like a book, an' he told me about this water-hole I'd strike about half-way across. He said it was a good place to camp, an' I would n't have no trouble a-makin' the rest of the way across the second day.

"I started next mornin' before daylight. I was packin' a canteen of water in the saddle-horn. But while old Sontag pitched with me ~~that~~ mornin' the canteen fell to the ground. The old desert rat handed it up to me after the horse had quit his buckin'. An' as he did, old Sontag just missed the old man, takin' a shot at him with one of them hind feet of his. An' as I rode out of hearing that old man was still a-cussin' me.

"It was cool when I started. But even then there was a feel about the place I did n't like. It was somethin' you can't explain. An' I wondered then about the horse. I'd used him pretty hard the last few weeks. An' I knowed if anything went wrong with him the game was up with me. I tried to think about somethin' else, but my mind was always comin' back to this. An' once I come near turnin' him around an' headin' back. But, hell! thinks I, it's just because the desert's new to me.

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"I was plenty thirsty when the sun came up. But I figured on nursin' that old canteen along. An' I rode for several hours before I went to take a drink. I knowed it the minute that I touched the string. An' it made me sick all over. For the canteen was empty. I could n't account for it at first, but finally I found a little hole. It was where the canteen had struck a rock when it fell to the ground that mornin'.

"Oh, well, I thought, it won't be long till I strike that water-hole; then everything will be all right. But the place was like a furnace now. An' the wind that seemed to come from everywhere felt like a red-hot blast.

"I tried to talk to old Sontag to keep my nerve from quittin' me. But my tongue was so swelled an' thick I could n't make it work.

"It's funny what a man will think of when he gets in a place like that. You'd suppose he'd think of all the water-holes he'd ever known in all his life. But, instead, the only thing I could think of was a little spring I used to drink at when I was just a kid. I could even see the water-cress. An' them little bugs that skipped around on top. . . .

THE ROUGH STRING

"I would n't admit it at first. But finally I knowed I'd missed the water-hole. The nearest water I knowed of was at the Colorada, and I knowed it was all of sixty miles. Could old Sontag make it? I shut my eyes and tried to keep from thinkin'. Old Sontag was still a-goin' strong. But I knowed no other horse I ever rode could make it there, an' I had my doubts of him.

"I guess I went batty as a loon, for I took to seein' things. The movin' shadow that we made looked like a brook to me, an' I could see green grass and shady trees.

"When I woke up I could n't imagine where I was. The moon was shinin' in my face, an' some woman was holdin' my head in her lap. I knew she was talkin' to me, but I could n't understand a word she said. Then all at once it come over me that the woman was a Mexican. She would n't give me anything to drink at first, but instead she made me suck a wet rag that she kept dipping in an olla at her side.

"It was n't but a little while before I could set up an' look around. An' the first thing I seen when I set up was old Sontag. But he looked more like a ghost than any other thing I know. He was

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caked with sweat an' so thin an' drawn that both cinches hung loose on him. But I don't guess I've ever seen a horse, before or since, that looked so good to me.

"While I was watchin' him a Mexican went over to unsaddle him. But the minute he come near, old Sontag raised that hammer head of his an' let drive with one hind foot. Man! what a horse he was!

"You know when a man fools with bad horses all his life most people thinks there's somethin' wrong with him. Mebbe there is. For a peeler seldom quits until he's hurt or too broke up to ride no more. A man that fools with bad ones is bound to be gettin' throwed. An' any time you hear somebody say he's never been bucked off, you can bet your life that he ain't done much ridin'. Mebbe I've just been lucky, for I've been throwed as much as any one who rides, but the only time I was ever hurt was once when I was ridin' an old gentle horse.

"The horse was just trottin' down the road when he stubbed his toe with me. But when the dust cleared up an' I got to my feet I found I'd sprained both wrists an' broke my collar-bone."

THE KETCH DOG





THE KETCH DOG

YOU 'VE never seen one at a dog-show, and the chances are good you 'll never see one of them in town. For the only place you find them is where the country 's rough. For a ketch dog's job is to worry a steer till the puncher gets there with his rope. An' a ketch dog is liable to be any old breed. But he 's sure to have plenty of guts. And the chances are good he won't be old. For a ketch dog's life is short.

Keno was a ketch dog. The evening I rode into the horse-camp he was laying just outside the horse-camp porch, watching the trail that leads down to the lower ranch. As he heard my pony coming up the trail he made an effort to get up. But when I spoke to Keno he never even turned his head. And as I rode by the dog, he was looking past me down the trail.

It was good to see old Sour Dough again.

"You 're just in time," he said, "for I was just about to charge the food all by myself to-night. You 're all bleached out since you was workin'

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here. An' you was black as an Apache then. Let's see! How long's it been? Blamed if it is n't goin' on three years this fall. This outfit's all been shot to hell since then. First, there was the drouth. An' then the boss went broke. She's changed hands twice since then. There's only a couple of the old hands left. They've even got me wet-nursin' the saddle-horses instead of out ketchin' steers."

Supper over, I washed the dishes while old Sour Dough went out to take the nose-bags off the horses and milk his cow. He had finished the milking and was helping Keno to his bed upon the porch as I came outside the house. And then I noticed for the first time that Keno could n't walk. He could use his two front legs all right, but he was broken down behind.

"He caught one too many of them big steers, an' they finally broke him down. He got hurt just a little while before Dave Morgan died.

"I s'posed you'd heard about Morgan, though. His horse turned over on him, down on Cedar Flat. The punchers never found him till the second day. And he never did come to until just before he died. He knowed the game was up all right. But

THE KETCH DOG

Morgan shore died hard. Some of the boys thought he did n't know what he was sayin', for when they asked him was there any folks or any one he'd like to have them notify, he says that Keno was the only friend he had.

"You know the way that Morgan had of keepin' to himself. I knowed him a-goin' on four years, an' in all that time I never heard of him a-takin' up with any one. But at that there was never a better roper or rider ever lived.



"Me and him range-branded together all one winter up underneath the rim, an' I don't guess he spoke as many as a dozen words to me. I thought when I first met him he must be swelled about something that I'd done. But later on I found he was that way with every one. He was n't quarrel-

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some or anything like that, an' he always tended strictly to his own affairs. But the way he had of lookin' at a man would make you tend to yours. Most any man will soften up a little if you only give him time. Specially if you're alone with him. But Morgan never did.

"It was while me an' him was range-brandin' together that Keno come to our camp. I never could figure out where he came from. He crawled into our camp one stormy night after me an' Morgan had turned in. He was about the sorriest lookin' pup I ever saw. But he looked more like a wolf than a dog even then. It was me that got up an' fed him. For I took a fancy to him from the first. But he never did have no use for me. He was Morgan's dog from the start. That was the thing I never could understand. For I never saw Morgan ever pet the dog. I tried in every way I knowed to get the dog to make friends with me. He would let me feed him. That was all. A dozen different times after Morgan had told the dog to stay in camp I tried to coax him off with me. But he'd just lay on Morgan's bed an' look at me with them wolf-eyes of his, as if who the hell are you. But the funny part about it was he'd go

THE KETCH DOG

with any one if Morgan told him to. I never knowed that Morgan had made a ketch dog out of him until one day along towards spring.

"When the weather cleared so we could ride, Keno was always there at Morgan's heels. We never rode together. If Morgan rode north, I went south, and we seldom met except at sundown. Each of us kept his own calf tally. The tally never varied much until along toward spring. We were just about branded up, except some wild stuff underneath the rim. The country was so rough and brushy up in there I was n't havin' any luck at all. Then Morgan started bringing in two ears for every one I caught. Morgan was a good roper, but there was n't that much difference between us two. It did n't set with me. About once a month one of us would go to headquarters and bring back a load of chuck. The last time Morgan went he left the dog with me.

"'Go on with him,' was all he said; I did n't think the dog would follow me, but, sure enough, he did.

"I'd rode along about four miles, I'd say, with Keno trailin' along at my heels, when I jumped a



THE KETCH DOG

little bunch of cattle underneath the rim. Six head there was, with a spotted wine-glass steer up in the lead and two long-eared maverick yearlings in the bunch. I built a loop and opened up old Drifter for the race. The country was awful rough and brushy up in there. I did n't get a throw until we'd gone about a half-mile. There was a little open flat I knew the bunch would have to cross before they dropped off into Seven Mile. It was here I made my bid. The spotted wine-glass steer was still up in the lead as we crossed the little flat. The two long-eared maverick yearlings were a-runnin' just behind. I roped one yearling as the bunch turned off into Seven Mile. I'd plumb forgot about the dog. I had n't any more than made my throw when Keno jumped and caught the other one. He caught the yearling by the nose and then set back. That long-eared maverick yearling shore did get an awful fall. An' Keno held him till I got the yearling tied. I branded six all told that day. But four of them I never would have caught if Keno had n't been along with me."

Keno was as big as a "loafer" wolf when the fall round-up began. He made friends with no one.

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Old Sour Dough tried in every way he knew to get the dog to make up with him. He would let old Sour Dough feed him; that was all.

Most of the time he laid on Morgan's bed. For Morgan had told the dog to stay in camp. He would watch for Morgan from the time the outfit left till they got in at night. No one ever saw Morgan even pet the dog. No one ever thought he really cared about the dog, until the day the outfit moved to Cottonwood.

The day the outfit moved, the boss sent Morgan on ahead to see about the water over there. When Morgan left he told the dog to stay in camp.

When the outfit moved camp the kitchen was the first to leave. It took six mules to carry it. The horses with the beds came next. The remuda always trailed along behind. Old Sour Dough tried to get the dog to follow him, but Keno would n't move. He thought, of course, the dog would follow later on. The wrangler said he called to the dog. But Keno would n't come.

From Alkali to Cottonwood is fifteen miles. The outfit made it by the middle of the afternoon. The sun was shining when we broke camp, but by

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the time we got to Cottonwood it was storming hard back off toward Alkali. We only got a little of the storm at Cottonwood. But before we got the tepee up we were all soaking wet.

We were eating supper in the cook's tent when Morgan missed the dog. Without a word he caught a horse and started back toward Alkali. The outfit laughed—when Morgan had left.

"I never thought that slit-eyed devil cared for anything," said Slim.

"Two of a kind," said old Sour Dough, and the outfit all agreed.

But Morgan rode the thirty miles that night and brought the dog on back to camp with him.

A week before the outfit shipped, some folks came out from town. We were camped down at the lower ranch the night they came. Among them was the boss's wife and kid. The kid was only four years old, and he nearly ran his mother crazy riding herd on him. They had n't been there twenty minutes when the kid fell into the water-tank. It was old Sour Dough that fished him out. They put the kid to bed and hung his clothes out on the line to dry.

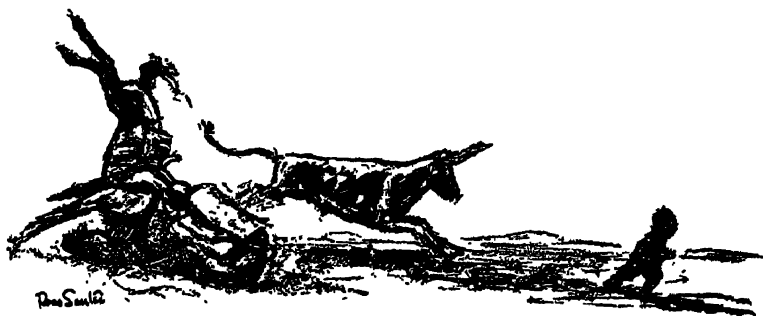
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Old Sour Dough was mixin' bread when he heard the kid's mother scream the second time. There was the kid, with nothin' on, half-way up the wind-mill tower. Old Sour Dough puffed and blowed a bit, but he finally got him down. The kid's mother could n't any more than turn around an' he'd be into something else. Old Sour Dough said he finally had to turn his back, or he would have been a nervous wreck. He said the thing that scared him most was when he looked up and saw the kid on Morgan's bed.

Old Sour Dough could n't understand that part of it at all. For Keno did n't seem to mind. He even let the kid get on his back and pull his ears. No one but Morgan had ever dared to touch the dog before. And the kid took up with Morgan from the first. When the outfit got into camp the kid would always run to him. Morgan would swing the kid up beside him; sometimes he carried him around for hours on his horse.

It was the day before we moved the herd down to the shipping-pens. We were working the herd out in the flat below the ranch. A spotted wine-glass steer broke out a half a dozen times before we finished trimming up the bunch. We finally

THE KETCH DOG



got the cattle worked, and started the herd to moving toward the big corral. The cattle had started stringing out. The dust was awful thick. We did n't see the kid until the spotted steer broke out and headed down his way. The kid was standing in the middle of the flat alone. The whole outfit started when the steer broke out. But Morgan was riding 'way up in the lead. I'll always think that he'd have caught the steer. He was cuttin' the blood from his horse at every jump. But he hit a hole an' fell.

The rest of us were 'way behind. The kid had turned and started back. The steer was almost there. Slim Higgins said he shut his eyes. He could n't bear to see the kid go down. Slim did n't even see the dog. But from somewhere Keno came.

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The outfit was eatin' supper that night when they missed the kid again. Morgan was on wrangle and old Sour Dough was still a-talkin' about how Keno threw that spotted steer. We hunted everywhere; we finally found the kid, asleep in Morgan's bed. His mother said she guessed we 'd have to let him stay till Morgan came. For when we threw the covers back to take him out Keno just looked at us—and growled. And then Sour Dough said:

“One day when Morgan left the dog in camp we was both late gettin' in. It was dark when I got back that night. But Morgan had n't come. I stirred me up some chuck, an' when I cut the beef of course I offered Keno some. But Keno would n't eat. He laid there on the foot of Morgan's bed, just lookin' down the trail, an' never even noticed me. Once after I hung up the beef an' hit the hay I heard him howl. I s'pose if it had been some other dog I'd either have run him out of camp or took a shot at him. But there's something about that howl of his that goes clear through a man. I got to thinkin' maybe Morgan was down some place with his horse on top of him. But just as I was pullin' on my boots to go an'

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have a look for him he came a-ridin' in. An' Morgan never even spoke to either one of us. But he did let Keno lick his hand.

"You know I never thought Morgan really cared about the dog till the day Keno got hurt. But Morgan rode in here that night about ten o'clock with Keno in his arms. He 'd carried him that way from Alkali, and that's close on to twenty miles. I finally went to bed, for there was n't nothin' we could do. But when I got up in the mornin' he was still sittin' with his dog.

"The day they sent Morgan to the lower ranch I told him I 'd look after Keno till he got back again. But you know this dog he bothers me a heap. For I have to help him in an' out each day. Most folks, I guess, would shoot him. But I ain't got the heart. The punchers always speaks of Keno as if he was my dog now. But he 'll never belong to any one but him. Some folks that stays with me gets in the prod sometimes when Keno howls at night. One puncher said he 'd shoot him if Keno howled again. But right here I told this button if there was any shootin' done round here I 'd take a hand myself. Maybe I've just got used to it. But Keno never howls at night but

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what I wish there was somethin' that thought that much of me. An' there's times when I see him layin' there I'd give 'most, 'most anything I know if he'd only lick my hand. For he always lays in that same place each day, a-watchin' the trail that leads down to the lower ranch. Each time he hears a puncher comin' up the trail he tries to raise himself until he finds out who they are, then sinks back again, still lookin' down the trail with them wolf-eyes of his."





THE SWEDE



Proctor
Ross Seaton
Bar F. Bar Ranch
Arizona

THE SWEDE

CARL was his name. He told the old man he 'd been to sea. That was all any of us knowed of him. He was n't a cow-puncher. The Swede's job was tendin' the pump down at the lower ranch and sort of lookin' after things around the place. He could n't have been more than twenty. Them pump men is usually a sorry lot, an' he bein' a foreigner the punchers all let him pretty much alone. Of course it was funny to hear him talk. No one but the old man could understand him. But all the laughin' that I've did was done behind his back. An' no one ever called him Swede. At least not to his face. He had an awful pleasant smile. But he was n't the sort a man would ever get familiar with unless you knowed him mighty well. Except for the long knife in his belt and some funny kind of sailor shirt, he dressed just like the rest of us. But somehow with them straight legs an' that blond hair he never did belong. The Swede never rode with the outfit. When he first came he did n't

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know how to saddle a horse. The old man give him an old pot-bellied gray to ride, when he was out workin' on the fence. And it was a sight to watch the Swede come trottin' up on that old gray. For he was plumb helpless on a horse.

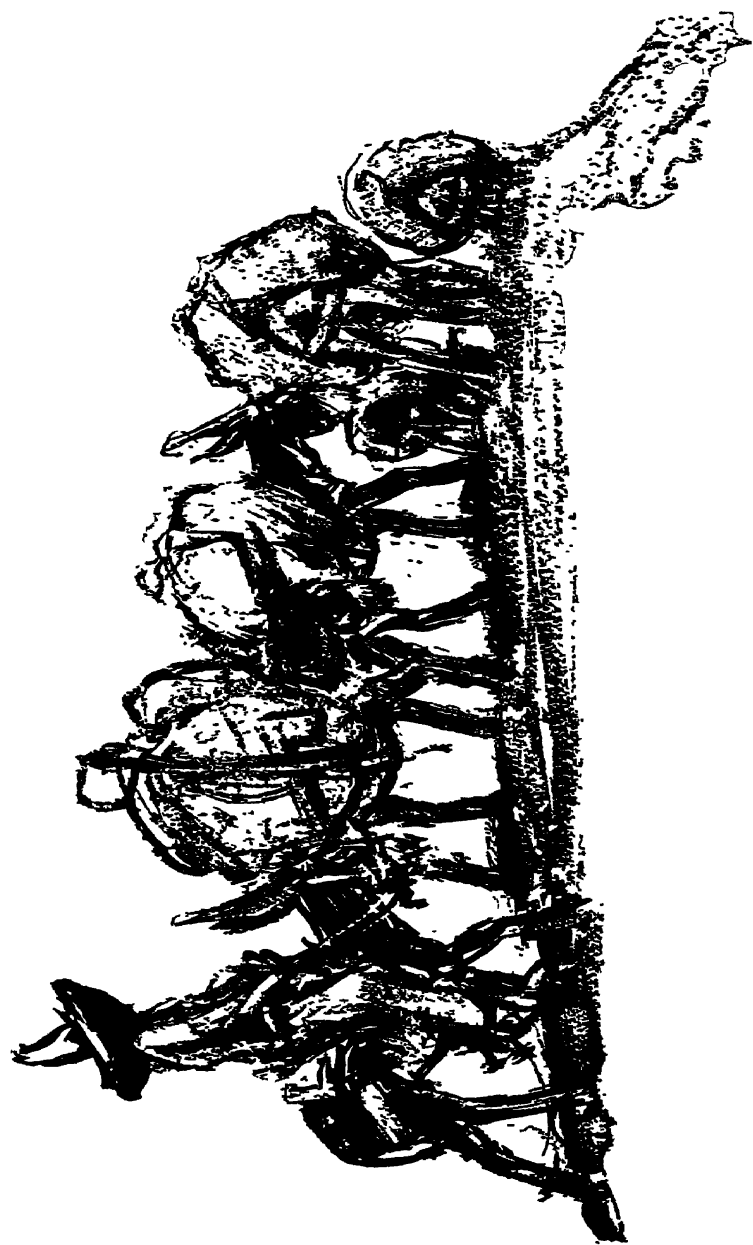
Most of the time the Swede an' the old man was alone at the ranch. For the punchers seldom came to headquarters unless we wanted a fresh mount of horses or maybe a pack-load of grub. The Swede had been there 'most a month when the outfit came into the ranch to gather horses for the fall work.

I would n't have knowed the place. The ranch-house always looked like a boar's nest. But the Swede had mucked things out. An' any one would have thought a woman was waitin' on the place, it was that neat an' clean. He'd built a sink in the kitchen an' had running water on the porch. An' he'd even planted blue grass in the yard around the house. He was always busy at something. When he was n't nursin' that fool pump he was out somewhere a-fixin' fence. About the only time I ever saw him still was at night around the fire. Then he'd just sit an' puff his pipe an' hold that little fuzzy dog. But he never said a word.

THE SWEDE

It was while we were down at headquarters that they give Swede this new horse. I figured it was a lousy trick. But Swede asked for him himself. "All right," the old man says, "if that's the thing you're lookin' for, it's just as well you get yours now as later on. You'll probably find him faster than that old pot-bellied gray."

He was a little bronc we called Shimmy. An' he was full of TNT. He'd stand an' shake all over when any one came near. Then he'd strike out with both fore feet an' try to use them teeth of his. Oh, he was a playful thing all right. Slim Higgins rode him once an' turned him in. Slim was a rider, too. But Slim said he hired out as a cow-puncher an' not to work with dynamite. Just why the Swede would pick out a horse like that was something we could n't figure out. It was n't as if Swede did n't know the horse. For he'd seen him fight too many times when any one came near. Of course we wanted to see the fun. For we thought the Swede would try an' ride him that afternoon. An' me and Slim offered to help Swede saddle him. But instead the Swede turned him into that little pasture down back of the house an' give him a big feed of grain.



THE SWEDE

The outfit pulled out for Black River next morning, an' we never came in again until the fall round-up was over. Once in a while a puncher would go in with the pack-mules after chuck. An' we heard there then that the Swede was still alive. Once when Bill Gilson went, Bill said the Swede was ridin' fence on Shimmy. But it was so seldom that Bill ever told the truth that none of us believed him. For none of us thought the Swede would ever get a saddle on him.

It was months before we saw the Swede again. An' it was awful good to see that smile of his the night that we rode in. For somehow a man gets awful tired of lookin' at them waddies that he's workin' with. The Swede came out and helped unpack. He'd ditched that funny sailor shirt. But he was still wearin' that long knife. An' I was surprised to hear him talk. For I could understand 'most all he said.

That night we all had quite a game around the fire. But it was the punchers that did most of the talkin'. For the Swede just sat an' puffed his pipe an' held that fuzzy dog. It was just before we all turned in that Shorty asked the Swede if he would n't like to ride with us to-morrow.

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"We 're pretty short-handed," Shorty says, "an' it 'll be a good chance to try out that new horse of yours." Most of us ducked our heads to keep from laughin'. But the Swede he flashed that smile of his and said he 'd like to come.

Me and Slim Higgins was on wrangle next morning, an' we got into the ranch about daylight with the horses. Me and Slim had n't had no breakfast yet, but we waited to see the fun. For the Swede was standin' in the corral with a bridle on his arm when we rode in. I would n't have believed it if any one had told me. But the Swede walked up to that fool horse an' slipped the bridle on. He did n't even use a rope to catch him. An' Shimmy never even tried to buck when Swede got on him. The old man give us both the laugh when we came in to breakfast. An' then the old man said he could n't understand the thing himself. He said the Swede had fooled with that blamed horse for days before Shimmy let him touch him. Then one day he looked out an' saw the Swede up on his back. An' all the Swede ever had to do was whistle an' the horse would come trottin' up to him. But Shimmy would never let nobody but the Swede come near him.



MEN AND HORSES

The outfit all went to town to let off steam after the round-up was over. An' the day me and Slim got back to the ranch we tried to steal a ride on Shimmy. Our horses was out in the pasture a mile or so from the house. An' we wanted to go in to camp that night. We 'd came as far as the ranch in the car. There was n't no horses up to wrangle in. But Shimmy was standin' in the corral, an' so we picked on him. Slim walked up with the bridle, but he never got to put it on him. For Shimmy struck with them fore feet the minute Slim came near. Slim was n't hurt to speak of, but it made Slim fightin' mad. I never saw a horse fight so. I went an' got a rope, an' we finally choked him down. Slim was puttin' the bridle on him when the old man came an' made us turn him loose. It was just as well we did, I guess, for just then the Swede came polin' in. An the old man give us both the laugh again. For the Swede he saddled Shimmy up an' went an' brought our horses in.

As the months went by I came to likin' this Swede awful well. An' I often wondered why he came to drift away out here. One night when we was alone at the ranch he told me why he came.

THE SWEDE

"I was youst fourteen," he said, "when I leave home. Six year I bane on sea. But once when I was little boy I saw some pictures of the West. An' always I think sometime I like to go out there. So once when we landed in New York I youst quit ship an' come."

There was always something about this Swede that none of us could understand. He was hard as flint around the men. But when it came to animals he had the softest streak I've ever seen. The rest of us despised that fuzzy dog, for he was always snappin' at your heels. But Swede would take this fool pup every place he went. An' if the dog got tired Swede would carry him. During the drouth the Swede brought in some eighty dogie calves, an' he carried most all of them in on that fool horse of his. For whenever Swede found a calf whose mammy had died, Swede would pick up the calf an' bring him in. It made a lot of extra work for him just feedin' them blame things. An' lots of nights he was 'way after dark just gettin' through his chores. One day the old man spoke to him about how much he'd saved the outfit by bringin' them calves in. It made Swede fightin' mad.

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"That was n't the reason I brought them in," says Swede. "I youst feel sorry for them calves."

It was the day the Swede was up on Slash cuttin' cedar posts that he came near losin' Shimmy. There's lots of wild horses up in there. But it never occurred to Swede that Shimmy might pull out and leave him. The feed was pretty good, so Swede pulled the saddle off and turned Shimmy loose to graze. Swede was busy with his posts, an' he never paid Shimmy any mind. For the horse always hung around him just like a dog. Swede had been workin' for an hour or so before he missed the horse. He hunted everywhere. He finally saw Shimmy on a ridge about three hundred yards away. A bunch of wild horses had come in while Swede was busy, an' Shimmy had pulled out an' gone to them. Anybody but the Swede would have kissed his horse good-by right then. For once a saddle-horse gets in with them wild horses it takes the whole outfit an' the dog to ever catch him. But the Swede slipped back to his saddle an' got his rifle. Then he started crawlin' on his belly toward the ridge.

Shimmy an' three of the wild ones was a-playin' together a little way from the main bunch. An'



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Swede figured he might be able to cut them off when they started down the ridge. Swede had the wind on the bunch, an' he crawled within a hundred yards before they ever seen him. Then a sorrel stud threw up his head an' snorted, an' the wild bunch headed down the ridge a-runnin' like the wind. Shimmy an' the three that he 'd been playin' with was a-runnin' just behind. Swede made a run an' tried to cut them off. But it was n't any use. It was then Swede opened up with that old 30-40.

Afterwards when Swede was tellin' me about it he said he thought he 'd seen the last of Shimmy when they passed him on the ridge. It was then Swede started shootin'. But it was n't till he killed the horse ahead of him that Shimmy ever stopped. Swede says there was n't nothin' to it after Shimmy stopped an' saw him.

"For Shimmy he was pretty scared for all that shootin'. An' he youst stand an' shake all over till he hear me whistle. Then Shimmy he youst come to me."

BUTTERMILK JONES





Ross Santos
Cross S Ranch
Arizona

BUTTERMILK JONES

NAMES don't mean nothin' in this country, for no one ever asks any questions around a cow outfit, at least not personal questions. It's not considered polite, in the first place, and in most cases it's not apt to be healthy. Of course you don't expect a cow-puncher to carry visitin'-cards, and I've never met one yet who carried any letters of introduction. If a puncher says his name is Jones, Jones is what you call him, even if you happen to know that all his folks answer to the name of Smith back in Texas. If a puncher volunteers any information about himself, all well and good. If he don't, there's nothin' ever said; at least there's nothin' ever said when he's around.

Buttermilk Jones was n't even a cow-puncher. Jones was his real name, too, although I did n't think so at the time. He did n't come from Texas, either. We could tell that by his talk. Just

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what Jones had done before he come to Arizona I never did find out until a long while after he was gone, for Jones did n't carry any credentials, and, what's more, he never volunteered any information about himself. Naturally, I figured he was on the dodge.

He walked into the ranch about sundown one night and hit the old man for a job. The outfit had just finished supper when he came. I cut some steak and stirred him up some chuck. And, man, you should have seen that *hombre* eat. I thought he never would fill up. It seems he'd hoofed it all the way from town, and that's close on to forty miles. He'd laid out in the brush the night before. This was the first he'd had to eat since he left town. While he was eatin' supper I looked him over awful close. Any one with half an eye could tell he was n't a cow-puncher. He was n't a prospector, either. His shoes was worn plumb through, but he was wearin' rubber heels. What was left of the suit he was wearin' shore fit him like the pictures of the clothes I've seen in magazines, like folks back East all wear. He was pleasant enough to talk to, and polite as sin when he spoke, but any one could tell by lookin' at them

BUTTERMILK JONES

eyes of his he would n't do to trifle with. I figured he was wanted somewhere, and I wondered what he'd done. He did n't belong in this country, that's a cinch. He must have been all of six feet tall, and any one by lookin' at that chest of his could tell there was n't anything the matter with his lungs. "Jones," he said, was his name, "plain Jones," and he gave me that pleasant smile of his; but names don't mean nothin' in this country.

Just why the old man put him on was something I never could figure out, for a tenderfoot ain't no use around a cow outfit. The old man's awful queer about some things. He might have figured that Jones would drift as soon as he got a bellyful, for a tenderfoot sometimes gets it in his head, from readin' stories an' goin' to them picture-shows, that he wants to be a cow-puncher. But there ain't no romance in shoein' horses or fixin' fence, and when they find it out they don't stay long. And, still, the old man seemed to like this Jones. For the old man likes a man that's hard. He never had a soft one in his spread. And whatever Jones was wanted for would n't bother the old man any, for he'd heard the owls hoot himself.

He put Jones to fixin' fence at first. Then

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later on he helped me pack out all the salt. Anything he put him at was all the same to Jones. Whatever he did Jones was willing enough. But he never made much of a hand. At first he hardly knew a steer from a cow, but the old man kept him on. Jones never took any pride in his outfit. At first he wore a pair of Bronc's old boots and overalls, but just as soon as he got paid he sent in town and bought him an outfit of his own, and a lot of shells for his gun. For Buttermilk was always shootin'. That gun of his was about the only thing he had any pride about, and he shore did keep it clean. His shirt was always comin' out behind, for he always cut pieces off the tail to clean that lousy gun of his. I've seen him hit jack-rabbits on the run with that old 45. Of course he missed a lot of times. I thought it was an accident myself at first, for Bronc could n't shoot like that. And every night, no matter how late we got in, he'd sit and scribble in that little book of his.

Enough things happened to this Jones at first to make most anybody quit. He'd only been there about a month when he come by that name of Buttermilk. We were movin' a bunch of cattle

BUTTERMILK JONES

over on the river at the time. Old Ben was cookin' on the trip, and Jones was wranglin' horses. He got by doin' that all right, for Jones liked horses. But when it come to doin' anything around the herd, Jones was in his own way and everybody else's.

The first night out we camped at Wilson's ranch. After we got the cattle penned, we all eat supper at that long table on the porch, for Mrs. Wilson was at home, and she insisted that we eat inside. It was easy enough to see a woman run the place, for the porch was screened in with chicken-wire, and the whole blame thing was covered up with vines. Jones was wearin' a pair of the longest shanked spurs I've ever seen, and he was sittin' on a bench with his back against the wire. He had n't said a word all through the meal. The punchers was all a-sayin', "Yes, ma'am," an' "No, ma'am," when Mrs. Wilson spoke, for punchers don't have much to say when wimmen is around. Bronc and me had just finished eatin' and was goin' outside to smoke when it happened. Jones started to git up at the same time. Then all at once I saw him pitch across the table and knock

MEN AND HORSES

the whole thing over. Mrs. Wilson screamed, and Jones was still a-layin' on the floor when we got to him. I thought he 'd gone plumb loco till I found out what had happened. But it seems he 'd hung both spurs up in that chicken-wire.

Next mornin' we started the herd at daylight, and we 'd only gone about a mile when the old man sent me back to help Jones with the horses. I 'd gone about a half when I seen 'em stringin' down the wash. Old Pinto Pete, a horse of mine, was 'way up in the lead. The rest was all strung out in single file, and Jones was bringin' up the rear. He was ridin' an old hammer-headed dun we called Geronimo. The whole bunch moved along as if they all were half asleep, but when old Pinto passed a big flat rock, I saw him come alive. He pitched off down the trail just like a bronc. I spurred my horse off in the brush, or Pete would have run right over me, for it seems the cattle had stirred up a hornets' nest when they went by. Old Papago come next and then a mule named Mike. But when they passed that big flat rock, man! how they come alive. I supposed of course that Jones would ride around the hornets' nest, for he 'd watched the horses all go pitchin' down the wash.

BUTTERMILK JONES

I guess Jones must have been asleep. At any rate he kept a-comin' on. Old Geronimo was just opposite the big flat rock when it happened. Jones lost a stirrup and both bridle-reins the first jump. The second jump the old dun made, the stirrup opened up a cut right over Jones's eye. When Geronimo hit the ground the third time he was alone with the hornets, for Jones was n't with him any more. I was laughin' so I almost missed the horse when he come by. In a little while Jones come a-limpin' up and got back on his horse. "Anyway, you never did get stung," says I. But when I got a look at Jones's eyes I did n't say nothin' more.

That river is the hottest place in summer-time I ever saw. The lard we had was even melted in the pail. We camped at noon right in that little bunch of trees below old Simson's house, and old Ben put it in the shade to let it cool. We all had finished dinner when Jones come in to eat, for he was holdin' the remuda, some little piece away. Jones filled his plate without sayin' anything, and then he spied that lard.

"How come the buttermilk?" says he, a-reachin' for a cup.

MEN AND HORSES

"The woman at the ranch-house brought it down," says old Ben, without battin' an eye. And Jones he filled his cup and took a slug of that blame stuff. I would n't have been in old Ben's boots for anything. We all were sittin' tight, and I was ready for 'most anything. Then finally Jones he laughed.

As the months went by I got to likin' Jones myself. For he always did the best he knew, and he never asked no odds of any one. He'd talk about anything—'cept himself. At times he acted sort of queer. We sort of took him for granted now, but he never was really one of us. Sometimes he'd sit out alone at night and look out across them hills. But whatever it was that bothered him, he always kept it to himself. And every night, no matter how late we got in, he'd always scribble in that little book of his. He was quiet and easy-goin', too, until you got him riled, but the killers I've known are all that way. I've never met one yet who was really bad, who ever run off at the head.

Wranglin' horses to most cow-punchers is the lousiest thing that they can do. But Jones did n't

BUTTERMILK JONES

seem to mind. He knew every horse that the outfit owned and could tell just where they run. He even made pets out of all of his. He had one little sorrel bronc in his string that would follow him round just like a dog. And Jones never minded to stay alone. I've come by the mesa lots of times when he was out with the horses. Sometimes he'd be a-scribblin' in that little book of his, and then again I'd find him shootin' jacks. But mostly he run wild horses. The upper range was full of them, and of all the fools I've ever seen for runnin' them blame things, Jones was the worst.

One night when we was camped down by the big corral, the old man sent me to the ranch to get a load of chuck. Jones started to come along with me. He come part way, and then he made some pore excuse and started back. I went on alone to the ranch and got the mule packed up. A-comin' back I took the upper trail. It was one of them soft summer nights, and the moon was nearly full. The mesa was 'most as light as day. It was one of them kind of nights that makes you glad you're punchin' cows, instead of bein' cooped up in some lousy town. I was half-way across the mesa when

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I heard 'em comin'. There must have been all of fifty in the bunch. I took a turn or two around the saddle-horn to keep from losin' Mike, for if that blame mule had ever got with them wild horses I shore would have had a race. You could almost feel the ground a-shakin' as they went flyin' by. A buckskin stud was in the lead, and they were strung out for 'most two hundred yards. I wondered what had startled them, for horses don't get out and run like that for fun. I rode along for 'most a mile, and then I met another one. He come near runnin' over me. He was a big, black maverick, and he passed so close I could see the sweat glisten on his hide. His breath was comin'



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in great gasps. But when he saw me he let 'er out another notch. It was just a little further on that I found Jones. He was the worst skinned-up cow-puncher I ever saw, and his horse was wringin' wet with sweat. Jones was tryin' to roll a cigarette, but he was shakin' so he did n't make much of a job. He sort of laughed when I rode up, and said he was n't hurt. He 'd had his rope on that big black and got his horse jerked down. It must have been some fight they had, judgin' from lookin' at the sign, for Jones had tied the big black down. Just why a man would go through all of that, then up and turn a maverick loose, was something I could n't figure out. It was the first I ever knowed that Jones was soft. For when I asked Jones why he turned him loose, Jones said he felt sorry for the horse.

I never saw Jones riled but once, and that come up over a horse. A puncher we called Cat Claw was ridin' through our work with us. They sent him over from the Diamond D, and he was reppin' for that brand. This Cat Claw was the meanest hand to fight a horse I ever saw, and he always packed a gun. He never would have lasted one whole day in our outfit, for whippin' one of his

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horses over the head was somethin' the old man would n't stand. And there was n't a horse in Cat Claw's mount that you could get close to on the ground.

Cat Claw was on wrangle the mornin' the blow-out happened. His wranglin' horse had got loose in the night. Without a word to Jones he caught up that little sorrel bronc of his, for he was always hangin' around the camp. I was watchin' Jones when Cat Claw caught the horse, and I saw Jones's eyes get hard. He offered to wrangle in Cat Claw's place, but Cat Claw missed his cue.

He swung up on the horse without sayin' a word. Just then the little bronc shied, and Cat Claw come down right over his eyes with that loaded quirt of his. He never got to hit him but once. For Jones was comin' now. Cat Claw tried to pull his gun, but it was n't any use. Hell, Jones did n't need a gun. Cat Claw was unconscious when the old man pulled Jones off. Without a word Jones got up on the little bronc and brought the ponies in. We all thought Jones had killed him at first, and me and Bronc was both a-hopin' that he had. But when Jones got in with the horses he was able to sit up. And then Jones



MEN AND HORSES

asked him how he felt, just as polite as sin. It sort of made my blood run cold to hear the way Jones spoke. When we got into camp that night, Cat Claw had pulled his freight, and I can't say I blamed him none.

This Jones was the politest man I ever saw. Not long before he left he went to town with me an' Bronc. Of course, we all got drunk. Me an' Bronc both talked a lot. And Bronc told Jones an' me about that night he held up No. 9. Bronc never would have mentioned it if he had n't been drunk. I talked a lot myself, but I ain't sayin' what I said. Whatever it was that bothered Jones was buried awful deep. For Jones he never said a word about anything he 'd done, and the more we drunk the politer this Jones got. He drunk as much as me an' Bronc, but he shore did keep his head, and finally he wound the whole thing up by puttin' me an' Bronc to bed.

I hated to see Jones leave myself. So did everybody else. And the old man had a talk with Jones the night before he left. I might have knowed there was somethin' up, for the old man sort of smiled when he waved this Jones good-by. I took Jones into town myself and brought his pony back.

BUTTERMILK JONES

I'd come to likin' this Jones awful well, an' goin' into town I asked him why he did n't stay among his friends. I told him then we did n't care about anything he'd done, and whatever he was wanted for we did n't care a damn. Jones looked sort of foolish when I spoke, an' I was sorry I'd mentioned it, for he never said a word. But when Jones said good-by to me, he said he was sorry he had to leave. He hoped that sometime he could come back, and he shore did grip my hand.

The months went slippin' by, but we never had no word from Jones. I often wondered where he was, until one day a package came. The package was nothin' but a book. It did n't mean a thing to me until I looked inside. But on the fly-leaf in the front was a little note from Jones. He owed me an apology, he said, for he was n't nothin' but a writer, he hoped I'd like the book. And he hoped I'd always be a friend of his, even if he was n't wanted by the law. And then Jones said he was comin' back this fall and takè a hunt. You could have knocked me off with a feather.

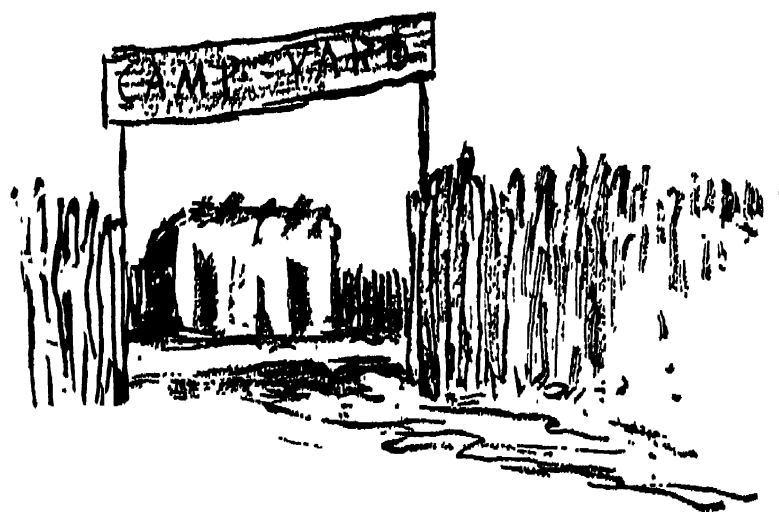
"The Diary of a Tenderfoot," was the name he called the thing, and he even told about the time he drunk the lard a-thinkin' it was buttermilk.

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The old man says that Jones has written books before, an' folks back East all knows him pretty well. But, hell! Names don't mean nothin' in this country!



FLIVVER TRAMPS





FLIVVER TRAMPS

“**H**E ain’t a tourist,” said the cow-puncher. “He’s a flivver tramp. I’ll bet that *hombre* has n’t bought a gallon of gasoline since he left Missouri. He ought to be good for thirty miles on what we staked him to. But he won’t stop at the trading-post and fill his tank. He’ll go a-foggin’ right on past the place. When the gas we staked him to runs out he’ll park himself along the road an’ wave some other sucker down an’ mooch enough to take him on a little further. You’d be surprised how many of ’em work that game in Arizona these days. But even at that it’s hard to pass a man on the road when he’s in trouble without givin’ him a hand, specially when he’s forty miles from nowhere.

“Since I’ve been haulin’ salt to the horse-camp I don’t guess I made a trip without meetin’ up with one or two that wanted somethin’. Usually it’s a little gas they want. An’ then again it may be oil. It’s these flivver tramps that make it hard on a

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regular tourist in Arizona if he happens to be in trouble. For lots of folks in this country are gettin' so they won't stop when they find a man in trouble on the road.

"Some of these flivver tramps will steal you blind if a man don't keep an eye on them. A car with three men in it stopped Swede Larsen once when he was goin' on a lion-hunt. Swede was movin' into the White River country an' had his outfit loaded on a truck. They told Swede they was broke an' asked him if he'd stake them to a little gas. It never occurred to Swede to keep an eye on them. But while he was fillin' up their tank, one of them stole his jack an' pump, six cans of corn, and two slabs of bacon along with half a sack of flour. No, there was n't no chance of it a-loosen' out, for Swede don't pack that way. He had this box of stuff all packed away down underneath the tarp, an' the hounds was layin' on it. Swede said he figured he was lucky that they did n't steal his lion dogs. But it happened they was tied. It made a Christian out of Swede, for now when anybody tries to wave him down, if Swede don't like their looks he goes a-foggin' right on down the road.

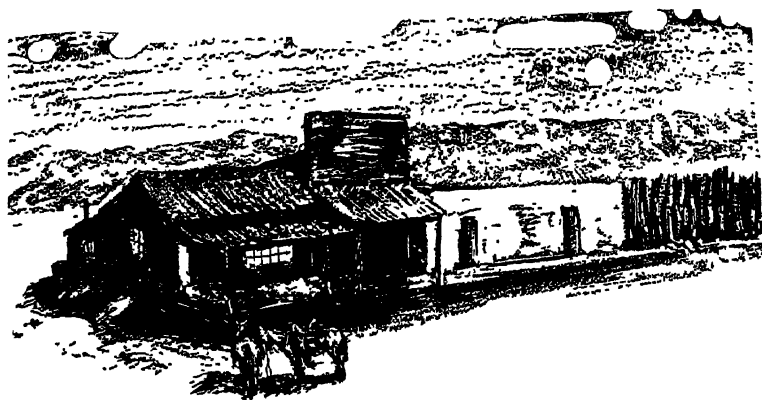
FLIVVER TRAMPS

"I was with Swede on a hunt one day. We had stopped at Casadora Springs to let the car cool off and give the dogs a drink, when all at once the whole pack opened up at somethin' comin' off the hill. I thought at first it was the Indians a-workin' stock. But in a little while the thing showed up. It was a flivver runnin' on the rims. There was only one tire on the thing, an' it was crossways on the wheel. There was more strange noises comin' from that thing than I've ever heard before or since. The *hombre* who was drivin' never made no move to stop. I guess he was afraid that if he did she'd never start again. Some of the hounds was still a-barkin' twenty minutes after he went by. An' there was two of them we had to whip before we finally got 'em quiet.

"When Swede an I was comin' back we overtook a man on foot. He had the best graft for gettin' through the country that I've ever seen. We carried him down to the trading-post, an' from there he caught a ride on into Globe. He carried his blankets in a little pack. An' on it he had painted a little sign that says, 'Coast to Coast on foot.'

"I cooked a month for Tiffany last fall down at

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the trading-post, and half the folks that stopped in his camp-yard was broke. Some had their families with them an' everything they owned. The camp-yard was just back of the restaurant, an' when I was n't busy I used to watch the spread. One outfit drove into the yard one night with enough stuff in their flivver to fill a moving-van. They even had some stuff tied on the top. An' when the outfit started pilin' out, it made me think of a show I saw in Kansas City once when I was up there with a load of stock. For this *hombre* in the show took rabbits an' guinea-pigs an' things along with an awful pile of junk all out of one silk hat.

"In this flivver that I'm speakin' of a man an' woman an' two kids was settin' up in front.

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There was a crate of chickens fastened on behind with all the other junk they had that made a load for any ordinary car. But when the kids all started pilin' out behind I thought I must be seein' things. They come pilin' out so fast there may be some I overlooked, but I finally counted six, along with a pet rooster, two tom-cats, an' a goat.

"This *hombre* had a Missouri license on his car. Missouri and California had the most. But there were cars from everywhere, with stickers pasted on the wind-shields of places that they'd been. Lots of them were regular tourists from the North a-goin' to California or comin' back. Most flivver tramps begin that way. Some stop an' work a while when they git broke, an' then they hit the road again until their stake runs out. Some get a taste for travelin' an' are never satisfied to stay long in one place again. A kid come into the restaurant one morning to buy a piece of beef. His family was camped out in the yard. While I was waitin' on the kid he told me about different places that he'd been. I liked his looks, for he was a nice-appearin' kid. He told me he was ten years old. An' come to find out, he could n't read or write. The kid told me his family was always

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on the move, an' they had never stayed long enough in one place for him to go to school. I happened to mention it to Tiffany, who says there are hundreds of children like this kid who ought to be in school. And some who don't get half enough to eat.

"A man come into the restaurant one day and asked to buy ten cents' worth of stale bread. I s'posed he wanted it for chicken-feed, an' I give him all I had. But I happened to look out, an' they were eatin' it themselves. There was a woman an' two kids beside the man, an' they were washin' it down with water from the well. That was too much for me, so I called 'em all inside an staked 'em to a meal. Neither of the kids was over nine or ten, an' the way they tore into that beef would make you think they'd never tasted meat before. There was a California license on the car. The old man said he come originally from Illinois. But as near as I could get the truth, for the last four years he'd just been driftin' round, a-workin' for a little while when he got broke, then movin' on again. The whole family had been pickin' fruit out on the Coast. They'd been held up for a month down on the border be-

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cause of the quarantine that Arizona had against the foot-an'-mouth disease. That used up most of their money. The old man had tried to get work in Globe, but there was nothin' doin' in the mines. So he was on his way back up to Illinois again. I fixed 'em up a basketful of chuck to carry next mornin' when they left, an' Tiffany staked 'em to some gasolene an' oil. I often wondered if they made it through, for Illinois is quite a jaunt from Arizona. But none of them seemed to be worried none.

"Some Gipsies stopped in the yard one night. They travel the best of any folks I've seen, for they all travel in high-powered cars. I never figured there was so much money in tellin' fortunes as there is—specially at four bits a throw. But during the quarantine on the foot-an'-mouth disease they fumigated every one before they let 'em into Arizona. An' on one old Gipsy woman who told fortunes on the street they found ten one-thousand-dollar bills.

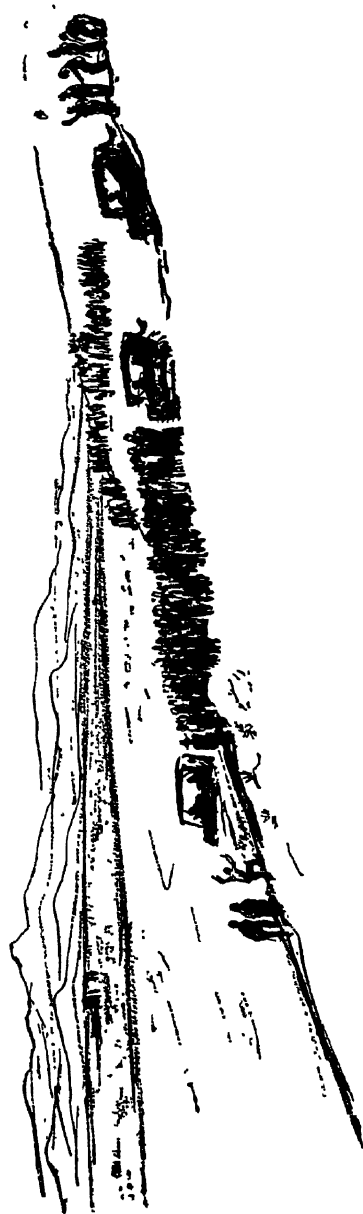
"During the quarantine down on the border there were hundred of cars held up for weeks that was tryin' to go back North again. The guards would n't let 'em cross the bridge. But there was

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one religious outfit in the bunch who said that on a certain day an' time they'd cross the river just below the bridge, an' cross on dry land, too. For the waters of the Colorado would part just like the Red Sea did when Moses led his children through.

"The whole camp turned out to watch 'em cross. An' there was considerable talk among the other tourists that might be called irrevent. Some offered to bet this Moses everything they had with any odds he chose that he would n't get across. But Moses would n't bet.

"He lined his cars all up in single file with him a-drivin' a flivver right up in the lead. There was considerable coachin' from that crowd. But Moses just looked straight ahead. When he hit the river the waters of the Colorado parted some. But it was n't for very long, for Moses killed his engine dead and never could get it started. He tinkered with his engine for a little while, but as the flivver settled in the sand the water kept a-gettin' higher. So Moses finally waded out an' come ashore an' left his flivver there. You can imagine what those tourists said. But at that they all turned in an' helped him pull his flivver out.



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"Some of the flivver tramps who stopped in Tiffany's camp-yard had different things to sell. One chap with a Mass. license on his car was takin' photographs. But the *hombre* who did the best of any that I seen was one who sold some kind of patent medicine. I got two bottles from that bird, an' when I went to get another one I found I was too late, for he 'd sold his stock all out. He never had a bit of trouble gettin' rid of everything he had, for that stuff sure had a kick to it.

"It was these flivver tramps who traveled on their nerve that interested me more than any of the rest. I was cookin' supper one evenin' when a young chap come to the kitchen door an' asked me if I'd stake him to a postal card. I was pretty busy at the time. But there was something about the way this *hombre* wore his clothes that interested me. For the shirt he wore looked as if he 'd used the thing to clean his car. One pants leg on his trousers was pretty good, but the other had been tore off so short it was n't possible to tear it higher. I finally dug him up a postal card, but when he looked at it he shook his head an' says that it won't do him any good, for there was n't any stamp on it. I hunted up a stamp, and then he asked if he could

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borrow pen an' ink. I let him write the thing in there, an' when he asked me if I'd mail the card for him next mornin' on the train, instead of kickin' him out on his ear, I liked his nerve so well I told him shore I would. An' besides I was itchin' to know what kind of news this bird was writin' home.

"The card was written to his folks to some little town in Iowa. An' the only thing he says was that everything was going fine an' he was enjoyin' every minute of his trip to California.

"I told Tiffany I'd found a man that had more nerve than any one I'd ever seen before. But when I told the yarn to him, he says this *hombre* with the postal card was a piker for nerve 'longside the one he knew.

"This bird that Tiffany told me of come from either Nebraska or Kansas. Anyway it was some place up in there. He bought a pretty good-lookin' flivver an' got it for almost nothing, for the engine had been taken out of it. But otherwise the thing was good. Then he bought himself several tow-ropes an' had somebody push her down the road a ways and head the thing towards California. You know most any one will give a man

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a tow. At least they 'll tow him to the next garage. Well, that's the way this *hombre* worked his way clear out to California. He 'd get some one to tow him up to some garage, an' of course they 'd kick him out of there when they found out what the trouble was. An' then he 'd get his tow-rope out and get some one to take him on a little further. None of the folks that towed him ever found it out until he got to California. An' the bird that found it out an' told the yarn had towed him almost forty miles. He was towin' him down across the Chuckawalla Desert, for he was goin' to Los Angles. There's lots of sand down there, and his own car was n't pullin' none too well. He did n't want to leave this bird out on the desert, so he decided he might be able to fix the thing himself. This bird from Kansas tried his best to talk him out of it an' wanted him to tow him to the next garage, which happened to be about thirty miles further on. But the *hombre* who was towin' insisted that he knowed considerable about cars. An' if it was engine-trouble that ailed the car he thought he could fix the thing. But when he raised the hood an' looked inside, there was n't any engine there.

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“I was curious to know what this *hombre* did to this bird from Kansas when he raised the hood an’ found there was n’t any engine there. Tiffany says he did n’t know. But Tiffany says no matter what else ever happens to this bird from Kansas, one thing is sure: he ’ll never starve to death.”





COME AN' GET IT





COME AN' GET IT

MR. JONES was his name. An' Mr. Jones was what the punchers always called him. Mr. Jones was a good cook. The punchers all admitted that. An' what's more Mr. Jones admitted it himself. When it come to cookin' spoon vittles an' fancy things like that I've never seen his equal as a round-up cook before. For he cooked doughnuts as well as any woman. An' we never killed a beef but what he made a tallow pudding. But Mr. Jones was n't what you'd call popular with the men. Slim Higgins said he did n't mind tippin' his hat to any one, but he did hate to just stand round and hold it in his hand.

The outfit was camped down by the big corral when Mr. Jones first came. A nester's hogs had been so bad at gettin' into the pots at night we had to swing the stuff all up on ropes to keep 'em from carryin' off the place. The first night Mr. Jones was there we had n't any more 'n got to sleep when

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the hogs all come a-troopin' into camp. None of us paid 'em any mind exceptin' Mr. Jones. It was evident he did n't care for hogs. For when one of them started rootin' round his bed he started shootin'. Me an' Slim Higgins was sleepin' together, an' our bed was closer to the cook's than any of the rest, an' mebbe you think we did n't flatten out. The first shot woke me up. An' I thought the second shot had hit me in the eye. But it was just a hog that stepped on me. Slim thought he was shot half a dozen times, but it was nothin' but the hogs a-passin' over us. I've seen some cattle run at night, but that was nothin' to the way these hogs went through our camp. When the shootin' stopped, me an' Slim dragged our bed behind the biggest oak-tree we could find. The boys was all a-movin' round a bit. An' Shorty tried to talk us out of this oak-tree of ours. But we told him to find one for himself.

It was just before daylight when the hogs came back again. But me an' Slim was sittin' pretty good this time. For that oak was thick enough to stop a forty-five. An' nary a hog run over us. Slim said it was the first time in his life he was ever glad that he was thin. For when it come

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light enough for us to see, there was two dead hogs in camp.

I'll admit we all slept better after Mr. Jones had left. For too much of this night shootin' is wearin' on the nerves. We only camped a week down by the big corral. But by the time we left, no puncher in the outfit could have approached within' shootin' distance of a hog on the fastest horse he had.

Mr. Jones cooked for the outfit just two months, an' he never did no shootin' after we left the big corral. But the boys all watched him mighty close a-figgerin' he might break out again. It was one rainy night, when we moved into Tin Cup Springs, that Mr. Jones blowed up an' quit. For Mr. Jones refused to cook with juniper. An' there was no other wood within fifteen miles.

The boys took turns a-cookin' after Mr. Jones had left. But that did n't set too well with none of us. An' Shorty finally went to town an' brought us out another cook.

George was the new cook's name. An' he was n't the kind of man who'd ever get up an' go to shootin' in the night. For old George was the mildest-mannered round-up cook I've ever seen.

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Slim said it was probably because he had n't been cookin' long enough to get hard-boiled. "Wait till he 's here a while," says Slim. For old George told us he had never cooked for a cow outfit before. "I punched cow some when I was a kid in Texas," old George says. "But this is my first job cookin' for a spread. I told Shorty when he hired me I could n't cook spoon vittles or fancy things like that. But Shorty says as long as I slung out the beef an' bread an' was able to cook frijole beans an' was n't too particular, he reckoned I 'd get by."

Now, I 'll admit old George was n't what you 'd call a particular man. For he was n't particular in sortin' the gravel from the frijoles. An' he was n't none too particular when he washed. Speakin' of a shot Shorty made one night when we killed a beef, Slim said the beef went down just like he 'd been hit in the head with one of old George's biscuits. But at that I've seen a heap worse round-up cooks than old George. For if there 's anything a cow-puncher likes better than havin' a fiddler in camp it 's drinkin' coffee between meals. An' any time a round-up cook stands for that the punchers are usually for him. Even if they do crack a tooth occasionally on a gravel he 's cooked

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in the beans. Old George was just that way, an' no matter how late a puncher got in he always found a pot of coffee, an' old George always stirred a little something up for him to eat. Dogie, the horse-wrangler, lost more horses while old George was with the outfit than he ever had before or since. For Dogie spent most all his time in camp a-augerin' old George an' playin' the coffee-pot. An' when old George left, Dogie was all upset. For Dogie says the chances are he 'll never find a round-up cook like George again.

But it was the manner of old George's leaving that interested me. For when he came George told me he had took the job to get away from his wife.

"You ain't married, are ya?" says old George. "Well, take my advice an' don't, for I ain't had no peace since then. Chances are I'd still be punchin' cows if it was n't for my ole woman. She made me give it up right after we got married. She made me quite playin' for dances, too. An' I was a pretty good fiddler, if I do say so myself. For I could play all night an' not play the same tune more 'n twice. This woman o' mine is always walkin' on my tail. She won't even let me

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play the fiddle in the house no more. Since we came to Arizona I've been workin' in the mine. It's goin' on fifteen years this fall since I started rootin' in the bottom of a shaft. An' except for an occasional shift the only time I've lost since then was durin' a strike in 1917. An' durin' the strike my ole woman like to run me wild. I tried to tell her I was just workin' there an' they'd probably settle things without consultin' me. But you can't reason with a woman. She's always sayin' what she'd do if she was just a man. It was just a happen-so that I met up with Shorty when he was in town lookin' for a cook. I never told the ole woman I was comin' either until just before I left. For I knowed she would n't let me come. Say, you don't have no idea how good it feels to be out in the hills with a cow outfit again.



An' to be able to play the fiddle every night without some woman chargin' you."

Old George had been with the out-

COME AN' GET IT

fit just a week when the first letter come from his wife.

"She wants me to come on back home," says George. "She's writin' awful pitiful. But I ain't goin' back until this round-up's over.

Another week went by, an' old George got another one.

"But I ain't goin' back," says George.

Four letters came for George all told, at intervals of a week apart. The outfit was camped at the Spur Camp the night the last one came. Shorty an' I were the first two punchers in that night. We did n't see the Indian who brought the letter out. But when we got a look at George's face we knowed he'd had another letter from his wife. When we asked him what the trouble was George never said a word when he handed me this note. I never saw the other ones. But this note was short an' what you'd call right to the point. For all it says was:

"George come home at once or I'll sell the furniture."

We caught him up a horse, an' after old George left of course we laughed. But as we watched him ridin' down the trail towards town it was

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Shorty who spoke the thing we was all thinkin' of.

"Mebbe it ain't so funny after all," he says.

Just one month's freedom in twenty years.

A cook named Tommie Johnson finally finished out the work that fall. An' Tommie never quit until the day the outfit loaded out, down at the shipping-pens. Tommie could cook all right, but he was poison on Indians an' folks who came from town. As long as it was just the outfit he was cookin' for, a man could get along with him. But just let one outsider drop in for a meal an' Tommie was always on the prod.

There's a dish that's made in the cow-camp when the outfit kills a beef. It's made of the brains an' sweetbreads an' choice pieces of the steer. If there happens to be a woman around it's called a son-of-a-gun. But if there ain't no woman present the punchers calls it somethin' else that's always been a fightin' word.

Tommie was cookin' one night when a stranger who was driftin' through stopped off to get a meal. Tommie never said a word, but he started swellin' up. "Well, cook," says the stranger, a-tryin' to be sociable, "I see you goin' to have a son-of-a—— for supper. "Yaas," drawls Tommie kind of

COME AN' GET IT

slow. "If any more keeps droppin' in we 're liable to have half a dozen."

When the outfit went down to the shipping-pens that fall Tommie had no more than seen the place than he started swellin' up. For when an outfit ships there 's always lots of folks comes out from town to watch 'em load. An' every man an' his brother usually drops in for a meal. It was late when we got to the pens that night. For we 'd had some trouble with the herd. An' Tommie was swelled up like a poisoned pup when we come in to eat. But he never said nothin' until next mornin' when we started loadin' out. Then Tommie said he 'd quit if Shorty did n't put somebody helpin' him. The outfit was short-handed anyway, but Shorty finally wished the job on Slim. An' you can bet it did n't sit too well with him. Shorty said he figured the two of them would fight before the day was over, but it never occurred to him that they 'd pull out together. But when the outfit come for dinner the two of them was gone. We did n't understand the thing at first, an' we figured of course they 'd both be back. But a stranger who was there said he 'lowed they 'd gone for good.

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"I just drove down from town to see the cattle loaded when I heard them two arguin', an' I stopped to watch the fun. Finally I heard the cook say, 'Tell Shorty I've quit, an' he can send my check to town.' An' then I heard this skinny feller say, 'You can tell him yourself, for I'm goin' with you.' "

About the cleanest round-up cook I ever saw was one we had one fall named Smith. Smith ain't his name, but it will do. I've heard punchers kick about 'most everything. But this was the first time in my life I ever heard the punchers kick about a cook a-keepin' clean. But you can bet your life that any kickin' we did was done behind his back. For Bill Smith was a regular round-up cook. Just where Bill came from I never did find out. For in any of his talk he neved did go back that far. An' personal questions are never a healthy thing in any outfit. But from his talk I gathered that Bill had done most everything from pullin' teeth to tendin' bar. For one night in camp when Bill was cuttin' Slim Higgins's hair I heard Bill say that he could do 'most anything an' do it well.

"I never seen nothin' yet I couldn't do," says Bill, "an' make a hand at it besides. I've got

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some forceps in my war-bag there, an' I can pull a tooth as well as any doc." Slim offered to take Bill's word for this. For Slim was mighty quick in tellin' Bill that all his teeth was good.

"It was interestin' the way I picked it up," says Bill. "I had a toothache once that came near killin' me. I was on a round-up at the time an' could n't leave at first. But finally I could n't stand it any longer, an' I rode in town to see a doc. I had a few drinks in town before I went to see this bird. But I pointed him out the tooth that hurt. When he pulled the tooth I took a few more drinks an' went on back to camp. But when I woke up in the mornin' it was hurtin' worse than ever. For come to find out, this doc had pulled the wrong tooth on me. I saddled up an' rode on into town again. An' when I told him what the trouble was he sort of smiles an' says he 'll get the right one now. 'Mebbe you 'll look 'em over close next time,' says I. He put up quite a fight at that. But I finally got him down flat on the floor an' pulled out six of his."

It was while we was camped at Sycamore that the boys all took exception to Bill's cleanliness. There's lots of deep water-holes in there, an' the

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boys all played 'em pretty strong whenever we was in camp. But the rest of us all put on our clothes when we come in to eat, 'cept Bill. An' the only clothes Bill wore while we was there was his hat an' a pair of boots. We finally did get used to it. But I'll admit it did seem queer at first. For when we all come in to eat, there'd be the cook a-shufflin' the skillet lids, not wearin' nothin' 'cept his hat an' boots.

One night when Slim an' Ben Hicks an' me was on wrangle we asked Bill if he would let us eat before we took the horses out, for we knowed it would be two hours anyway before we got back again an' supper was almost ready then. But old Bill would n't let us eat. "Yez'll get no duff till you get back," he says.

The three of us was ridin' mules, an' they all was pretty salty. An' while we was augerin' the cook Ben Hicks reached down and hung a spur in the mule that Slim was ridin'. Ben jiggled Slim's mule right in the flank, an' things began to happen then. For this mule of Slim's bogged down his head an' bucked right through the pots and pans. The coffee-pot was the first thing they upset, and the Dutch oven with the bread went next.

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But none of us waited to see no more. I never saw Slim make a better ride in all his life. But Slim said afterwards he was afraid the cook might kill him if the mule unloaded him in camp. An' you can bet the three of us did some tall explainin' to the cook when we got back to camp that night.

It was while we was camped at Sycamore that me an' Slim brought the bull in camp, an' Slim was to blame for this, for I'd of never thought of it.

The outfit was workin' up on the rim of Black River the day it come about. An' it was along the middle of the evenin' when Shorty told Slim an' me to go into camp an' get the night horses up. Slim an' me was n't long in pullin' out for camp. For we had n't none of us had anything to eat since mornin'.

We was just about a quarter from camp when we jumped this maverick bull. He was just about two years old, an' we did n't have no trouble ketchin' him. I started to build a fire, but Slim says: "No. There's no use waitin' here for the iron to heat. Let's take him into camp an' brand him there, for we can both be eatin' while the iron is gettin' hot."

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"What in the blankety blank do you mean by ringin' that thing in camp?" was the first thing the cook says. We told him we was only tryin' to save a little time, but we was n't gettin' anywhere until Ben Hicks spoke up.

Ben had crippled a horse that mornin', an' Ben had come on back afoot. "You all go in an' eat," says Ben, "an' let me brand the bull."

That sort of pacified the cook, an' me an' Slim was just about half finished with our meal when we saw Hicks turn the critter loose. An when Hicks tailed him up he pointed the bull t'wards camp. Of course you could n't blame the bull. For he was on the prod from bein' led, an' when Ben burned the Cross S in his hide it did n't help his feelings none.

My pony was the first thing the bull seen after Hicks had turned him loose. But that pony knowed considerable about bulls, an there was no chance of hookin' him. Just then the bull looked up an' spied the cook, an' right down through the camp he come a-knockin' the pots an' pans four ways at once. Slim got down behind some pack-saddles, an' I was hidin' behind a little cedar-brush. But it happened so quick the cook never



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had no chance to hide. For the bull went right through camp an' right on out the other side with the cook in front of him. I've heard both plain an' fancy cussin' from round-up cooks before, but it all sounded like a talk in Sunday-school 'long-side of this cook of ours. There was a cat-claw thicket at the edge of camp, but they went through it as if it was n't there at all. When they come out the cook was still up in the lead. The cat-claw thorns had scratched him some. For he was n't wearin' no clothes that cluttered up his speed. When they finally disappeared from view the cook had lost his hat. But he was still a-runnin' like a quarter horse with the bull right at his heels.

This was the last I seen. For me an' Slim decided we 'd both be better off if we was some place else.

It was late when we come back to camp that night, an' the cook had cooled off some by then. It seems the bull had finally put him up a tree, so Ben Hicks went an' drove the critter off. But before he did, Ben made the cook promise there would n't be no shootin' done when he got back to his gun.

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We was makin' a drive at the Seneca one mornin' when a puncher named Steve Johnson happened into us. Steve had been reppin' for our outfit at the Terrapins, an' none of us had seen him in two months.

"As soon as I go to camp an' get a bite to eat I'll come on back and give you all a hand," says Steve.

"Not with that cook you won't," we says.

An' then we told him the only time a puncher dared to come within ten feet of the coffee-pot was when the cook yelled at us to come an' get it or he'd throw it out.

"Oh, that's all right," says Steve. For Steve is kinda hard himself.

While we was augerin' with Steve, Ben Hicks rode back to camp an' told the cook that a puncher was comin' down the trail, an' this puncher said he was stoppin' for a meal, an' what's more he wanted it right now.

"Well," says the cook, a-strappin' on his forty-five, "just let him come an' see what kind of luck he has."

Steve had n't been gone long, at least not long enough for a healthy man to eat, when he come a-ridin' back again.

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"That cook is crazy as a hoot-owl," was the first thing that Steve says. "He was stirrin' the beans with a six-shooter when I rode into camp. I've seen tough round-up cooks before, but the only thing this cook had on was his hat an' a pair of boots. It sort of took my breath away. Then all at once he bawls at me. 'Git down, you blankety blank,' he says; 'we're goin' to eat here pretty soon.'"

Of course we laughed. But it did n't seem to bother Steve. For Steve says anybody 'cept a fool will change his mind occasionally.



